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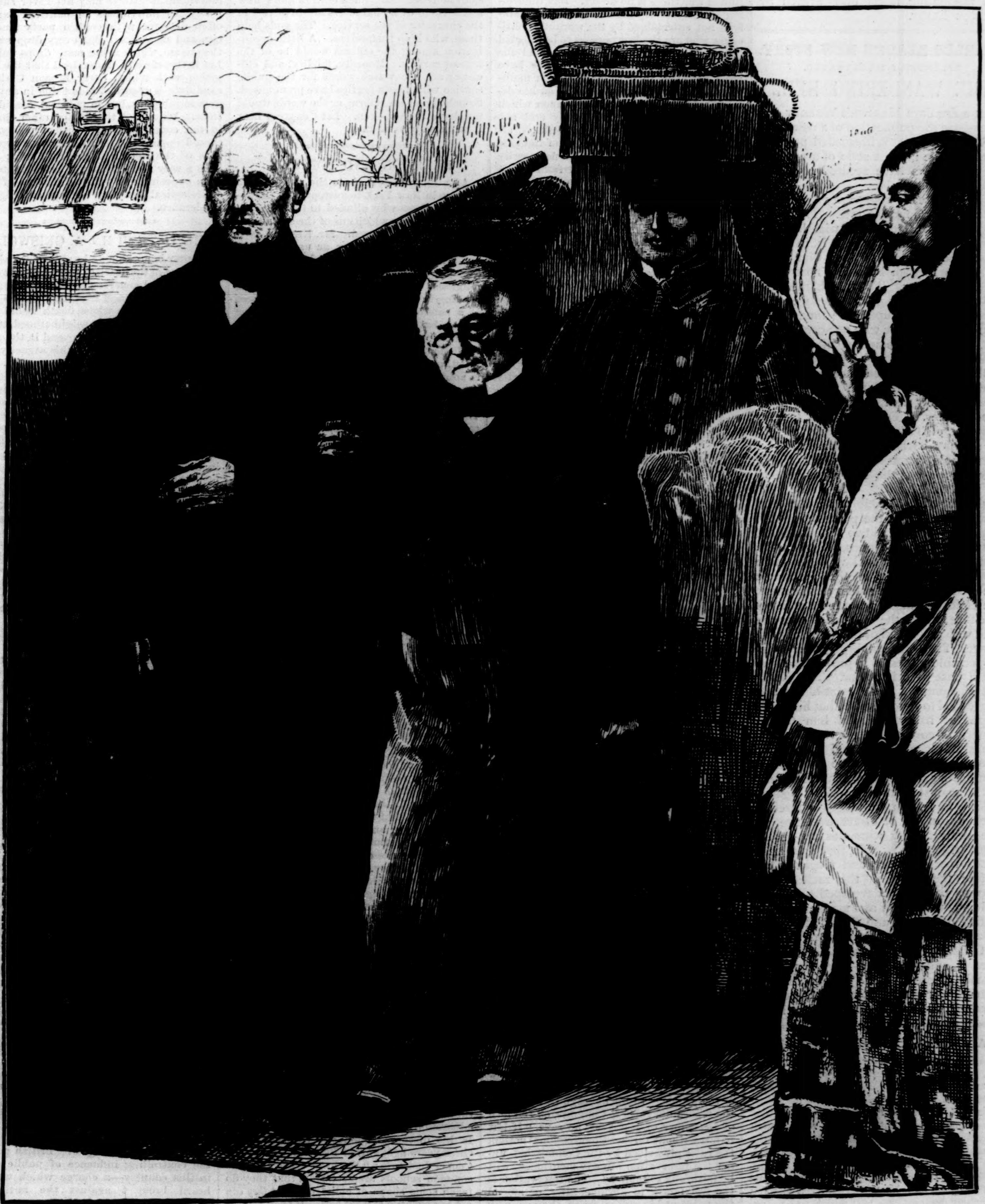


TWO VETERAN FRENCH STATESMEN—MM. GUIZOT AND THIERS.—[SEE PAGE 895.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

CIRCULATION 170,000.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out a gratuitous EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing further installments of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

commenced in the WEEKLY for October 19, and

"MIDDLEMARCH."

Mr. ROBINSON'S story grows in interest as it proceeds, while "MIDDLEMARCH" is conceded to be the most powerful and fascinating novel ever written by GEORGE ELIOT.

CHARLES READE'S NEW STORY.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE WANDERING HEIR.

IN a few days HARPER'S WEEKLY will commence the publication of a new story by CHARLES READE, illustrated profusely, and in the highest style of art, which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author.

We are already able to say something about this remarkable tale. The great length of the Tichborne trial has led many persons to suppose it is, in every sense, the greatest trial of that class known in English history. This, however, is an error. The Tichborne case was rather big than great. Sixty or seventy witnesses occupied the time of the court and the public with one conjecture, viz., that if A is something like B, A is identical with B; and evidence of B's death is not to be received against this similarity. Whereas the fact is, there are a million men in the world more like another million men than the fat claimant of Tichborne's estate was to the skinny Tichborne deceased. The "damnable iteration" of that single fallacy spun out the Tichborne trial to an unnatural length. But in the year 1744 was tried at Dublin a case even more important to the parties, since an English earldom and two Irish baronies, as well as large estates, hung on the issue; and in this trial were far more distinct ideas than in the Tichborne case. Instead of a solitary conjecture, the claimant raised a pyramid of direct evidence, which the defendant encountered with a pyramid of contradictory evidence. The defendant brought plenty of respectable witnesses to prove the claimant a base-born impostor. The claimant encountered these point-blank, and proceeded to demonstrate that his noble opponent had kidnapped him to the American colonies to get rid of his remonstrances, and had tried to get him hung in England. On the main issues gentlefolk swore against gentlefolk, servants against servants, priest against priest; and when the judges, amazed at such a conflict of direct evidence, set the contradictory witnesses up on the same table, side by side, they gave each other the lie direct, and fought it out before the court in the raciest way. Among them they developed a remarkable picture of men and manners in that period of history, and the vivid outlines of a strange but true romance.

CHARLES READE has taken this, colored it, and sweetened it with a strong female interest. The heroine of this marvelous true tale is sure to be unlike any previous creation by the same hand.

A PLEDGE TO BE REDEEMED.

THE election is over. The country has declared its general policy for the next four years: and the appeal to the people was made upon the platforms of both parties. If, therefore, there be any particular measures which both parties urged, such measures must be assumed to have the unanimous support of the country. It can be only an assumption, but it will be significant. There is, as every body knows, one reform to which both parties were pledged by their declarations, and which was naturally especially emphasized by the advocates of Mr. GREELEY because they were out of power. We mean civil service reform. The Cincinnati platform declared that "honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment," and that the offices of the government should cease to be "a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage." And the Philadelphia platform unequivocally declared that "we therefore favor a reform of the system by laws which shall abolish the evils of patronage, and make honesty, efficiency, and fidelity the essential qualifications for public position."

We have very moderate faith in platform professions. But they are always useful as weather-cocks. They show which way the wind is at least supposed to blow; and often, also, which way it is believed that it is going to blow. The emphasis which both platforms laid upon this subject showed the belief that there was a very positive public sentiment in favor of the reform. And of this there is no doubt. But the feeling is not yet very general; and it certainly is not entertained by the working politicians, who are the last persons to be affected by the considerations which commend the reform to independent citizens. We have now, however, to deal mainly with methods of administration. The election has determined the general principles upon which party difference will now surely and not slowly expire. It is useless, perhaps, although natural, to speculate upon the new political combinations that must necessarily follow such a campaign as that from which we have just emerged. But one thing is plain: and that is, that it is the very moment for every friend of a thorough reform in the system of the civil service to make his hostility to the present system effective.

The opportunity is the more inviting because under President GRANT there has been a real beginning of reform made. Public attention has been earnestly directed to the subject. Arbitrary removal for partisan reasons is more difficult and more scandalous than it was. Political assessments have unquestionably been obstructed. The principle of promotion in the service is more steadily regarded. Appointments in the departments at Washington have been strictly made upon prescribed and honest examinations. Under immense difficulties, known only to those who are familiar with the circumstances, a sincere reform has begun. Those who find that it is only a beginning, and who cite instances in which there is an evident disregard of the principles of the reform, and who sneer that such instances prove the whole movement to be dishonest and a flagrant sham, merely prove themselves to be extremely foolish. A system intrenched in the traditions and convictions of the country for forty years, which is most heartily approved by the vast majority of the chief appointing officers in the service, and which is sustained by an enormous majority of all parties in Congress, is not to be suddenly changed, or reformed, or even modified. To expect the President alone to reform it is to expect the Pope to reform the Church.

It was constantly and falsely alleged during the campaign that the civil service was never so corrupt, and never so required reform, as during the administration of General GRANT; and Senator TRUMBULL was guilty of one of the grossest moral delinquencies in quoting the report of the Civil Service Commission of last December as evidence that, by the confession of the President's chosen friends, his administration was so corrupt that a quarter of the revenue was annually lost or stolen. Senator TRUMBULL knew perfectly well the explanation of the paragraph which he cited to sustain his assertion, nor did he profess to believe what he was willing to try to persuade others to believe. In the report from which he quoted the Commission said: "It is pleasant to express our conviction not only that there are many men of the highest character and ability in the service of the government, but that the large majority of the persons so employed can not justly be suspected of improper conduct." And in their letter to Senator LOGAN the Commission dispose of the calumny that the civil service under General GRANT has been peculiarly corrupt.

Indeed, the practical effort at reform is due to President GRANT. Except for his earnest representations to Congress that body would have done nothing; and the moment that it showed assent to the President's wishes he proceeded. But he proposed to have no policy against the wishes of the people. In his message transmitting the report and rules to Congress, on the 19th of December of last year, he says, "If left to me, without further Congressional action, the rules prescribed by the Commission, under the reservation already mentioned, will be faithfully executed." The reservation is the full power to abridge, alter, or amend the rules, at his option, when changes may be deemed advisable. This was indispensable in the beginning of such a reform. Congress gave the full power to the President, and he very properly refused to delegate it. To say that it was an evasion of the whole matter is to impeach his good faith. And if that is questioned, the entire scheme, which, by the Constitution and by the assent of Congress, depends wholly upon him, necessarily falls.

The friends of this reform must not forget that every member of the new Congress has been elected under a distinct pledge in the platform upon which he stood that the present evil system of the civil service should be changed. Congress will move when it must, and not before. It will move when the country demands, and not before. Let us not suffer it to forget the faith in which it has been born. And we remind those who are in the civil service that very much depends upon their own action. All honest and efficient officers are certainly interested that the pledges of the platforms shall be redeemed. Such officers know how much their own characters are involved in the character of the service. The gods help those who help themselves. A little organization among the officers would be of the utmost service. Honesty, fidelity, and efficiency are the watch-words for the public service which both parties have pronounced. Somebody means reform, or the words would not have been spoken. Let Congress hear from those who mean it.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

AN attempt was made in the recent State election in New York to misrepresent the position of those who alluded to the religious denomination to which one of the candidates for Governor belonged. Mr. KERNAN is a Democrat, an able lawyer, an upright man, and a Roman Catholic. An election in this country, where the government guarantees religious equality, has, for that reason, nothing to do with the religious preferences of a candidate. It would, except for one reason, have been as much an impertinence to mention that Mr. KERNAN was a Roman Catholic as that Mr. GREELEY was a Universalist, or General GRANT a Methodist. It is nobody's business, said one of the advocates of Mr. KERNAN'S election, how he chooses to worship God. Certainly not. Yet it is every body's business in the country when a Roman Catholic is nominated for high and responsible office: not because of any peculiarity of the Roman sect as a religious body, but because the Roman Catholic is the only church in the country that has a political policy.

If the Methodists, as a Church, had a political object, and one which good men believed to be fatal to American institutions, it would have been perfectly proper for any honest man to say that while he honored General GRANT'S services and respected his character, he could not support him for the Presidency, because he was a Methodist, and the Methodist Church had a political purpose which he thought dangerous to the public welfare. This would not be quarreling with the manner in which he worshiped God, but with the manner in which, as a Methodist, he wished the country to be governed. Now the Roman Church in this State is a political party. It has long sought the division of the school fund, a measure which would be fatal to the vital principle of the separation of church and state. It seeks its end plausibly and gently, and with the astuteness which it has always displayed. It begins by asking that the Protestant Bible be banished from the public schools, upon the ground that Catholics are taxed to support the schools; that they regard the Bible as a sectarian book; and that it is wrong to force them to the alternative of keeping their children in ignorance or sending them to be instructed in heresy. If, they say, it is right to compel Catholics to pay for Protestant instruction, it is right to compel Methodists to hear Universalist books, and Jews to hear Mohammedan books, and Calvinists to hear infidel books. The State, they declare, guarantees religious liberty, and that guarantee is broken when it taxes us for teaching what we believe to be irreligious.

If the force of this argument should be admitted, and the Bible should be taken from the public schools, does any body suppose that we should have reached the end of the debate? On the contrary, it would merely have begun. The essence of the argument is that the public schools, being secular, no kind of religious instruction should be sanctioned. But the moment the Bible was excluded the Roman party would declare that the schools were godless, and appeal to their adherents not to sustain atheistic schools. In his discourse upon the subject, nearly three years ago, Father PRESTON said at the Cooper Institute: "We have urged that the common schools are sectarian, that they do teach some shape of belief, *and that they can not be absolutely without bias.* If they taught no religion whatever, and were studiously to avoid the name of God or of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, *they would in our sense be sectarian,* for they would teach immorality, and so sap the foundations of our creed. We believe that schools where children are brought together without the slightest religious influence to guide them are nurseries of vice."

Thus the object is plainly avowed. It is not the Bible in the schools, it is the very secular intention of the schools, which is the real argument in favor of the exclusion of the Bible, which is the object of the hostility of the Roman Church. Its real argument is that common public schools must be sectarian, and therefore that they are inconsistent with the constitutional guarantee of religious liberty and equality. It is the schools, not the Bible in the schools, to which the Roman Church is opposed. To destroy the system is its political object. It would divide the school money denominationally, which would be a direct recognition of religious sects by the State. An individual Romanist may not favor such a policy, as individuals in political parties often disagree with certain party tendencies and measures. But every drop swells the stream, which is but many drops united. Let it therefore be understood that the suspicion with which every Roman Catholic candidate is regarded is not due in any degree to religious, but to political, considerations. We repeat that if any other church in the country had a political policy, we should oppose it just as heartily as we do that of the Roman Catholic Church; and he is a very foolish fellow who is frightened from exposing the political designs of any ecclesiastical body by the cry of religious intolerance.

THE LATE JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

A MOST honorable and public-spirited citizen is lost in the death of JOHN A. GRISWOLD. His frank and generous bearing was but the natural expression of his manly nature, and there are few men whose death would be a more personal loss to his neighborhood, and to many and many a friend beyond it, than his. He rose to great wealth by his sagacity and integrity, and he used his riches nobly. He was a friend of the friendless not only by his money, but by his kind counsel and his example. In politics he was a Democrat of the better days, and therefore naturally a Republican in later times. There was no more unbending Union man and patriot; munificent in his assistance to the great cause; and in Congress by his cheerful courtesy commanding the respect of those from whom he differed. In 1868 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, and was undoubtedly elected. But the Tammany Ring was then supreme, and he was "counted out." Mr. GRISWOLD was not an orator, but he was always ready to give a reason for his faith, and he made a vigorous canvass of the State. He subsequently appeared, and always with respect and honor, at the party conventions, but he was never again a candidate for high office.

In the city of Troy, where he lived, he will be most sincerely mourned and long missed. Any city is fortunate that can count many such citizens, full of interest and zeal and sagacious efficiency in all public purposes. His beautiful home was the seat of the most friendly and elegant hospitality, the more beautiful that it was felt to be but the symbol of his hospitality of soul. Mr. GRISWOLD was in the prime of life; but no man who will be so kindly remembered can be said to have died too soon. The sorrow of his immediate neighbors and friends is shared by all those who knew JOHN A. GRISWOLD.

SLANDER AS A POLITICAL ART.

THE recent political campaign was one of extreme bitterness. It was natural, because the Republicans found themselves confronted by seceders from their ranks who had joined the enemy. There was consequently a fury of personality which was unavoidable, but not, as seemed to be sometimes supposed, unprecedented. Party spirit was never more intense in this country than in the early days of the government. The malignant slander which has been poured upon General GRANT for six months does not surpass that which was directed against WASHINGTON; and the New York *Tribune* was not as ferocious against the later President as the Philadelphia *Aurora* was against the earliest. Even Mr. SUMNER'S philippic against the President was not more severe than ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S letter against JOHN ADAMS; and the bitterness of the JEFFERSON campaign was not less than that which we have just witnessed.

The good old charge of "British gold" as the controlling influence of public events in this country—a charge which we have heard brought against the antislavery movement, and which Mr. GREELEY makes against Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, appears very early in our history. Mr. JEFFERSON does not hesitate to say very plainly that Washington was the tool of the British party; and in a history of the administration of John Adams we read that "it may appear strange how he became the President of a free people, and the successor of the virtuous Washington. The services which he performed toward the establishment of American independence, by means of his intrigues at the Court of Versailles, *and the profuse distribution of British gold in the United States*, can only account for this extraordinary election."

In 1868 General Blair told us—and oh! why did we not heed that veracious and disinterested prophet?—that if General Grant were elected President he would declare himself Emperor, and turn the White House into that imperial palace which we have all seen. But the general's prophecy was only an echo. Mr. John Wood, whose historical performances Mr. Parton describes as an indigested mass of tedious lies, says, "Mr. Adams has had the credit of proposing to make the President's office hereditary in the family of Lund Washington, the general having no heirs." Nor is nepotism forgotten: "Parental affection may, in the breast of some, excuse Mr. Adams for employing his son in a sphere where he might acquire political knowledge; but it ought not to be forgotten that it was at the public expense."

Indeed, if a man loses heart in the midst of what he considers the indecent and reckless personality of our politics, in which the best men are stigmatized as the worst, and reform becomes ridiculous in the mouths of those who clamor for it, let him turn to our earlier history and be comforted. John Adams appealed in despair from the baseness of his own time to the calmness and purity of ours. And Washington was reviled as if he had been Grant for giving "a currency to political iniquity," and for "legalizing corruption." It was also said, in the true Blair strain—the Blairs being peculiarly devoted to liberty—that he "had carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence." This is the rhetoric of political campaigns. These things are sprats for gudgeons. They are efforts to confuse the public mind, and to determine by personal prejudice what should be decided upon principle.

How impotent they are the campaign just ended shows. The candidates are representatives, and the decision of the people is made not upon personal but political considerations. Of course a dishonest man represents nothing, and personal character has its necessary part in the representative quality. Thus Mr. Greeley, as a representative of the free-trade tendency, and Mr. John Cochrane, as a symbol of civil service reform, merely show the insincerity of those who put them forward. The personal element is the popular spice of the campaign. The fun comes in with the personal criticism. But a Presidential election is not likely to be decided upon purely personal considerations. Even when it seems to be so, it will be found to be really because of the representative character of the candidate, or of the belief of the people that he is representative.

THE "MISSOURI."

Tragedies like the loss of the *Bienville* and the *Missouri* are a reproach to our science and common-sense. We submit to these frightful events as if we were dull fatalists; and as we sigh over the terrible story of the *Bienville* we stupidly wonder how soon we shall be called upon to thrill with the horrible tale of the *Missouri*. It is evident that the most common disaster to our coasting steamers is loss by fire. No sensible man can embark at New York for any Southern port without a secret fear. It is a fear which is deepened by the consciousness that no adequate provision is made for protection against fire. Life-boats and donkey-pumps are of little use without trained men, and men trained for the probable emergency are precisely what every steamer needs and does not have. In one word, discipline is the indispensable condition of safety in the sudden panic of marine peril. That alone makes boats and pumps effective, and that is not provided.

The value of intelligent discipline was shown in the burning of the *Bienville*. The steadiness and cheerful composure of Captain Maury saved the passengers by enabling them to save themselves. His heroism dispelled panic. He saw what should be done, and knew how to do it, and directed crew and passengers accordingly. The experience of the *Bienville*, and now of the *Missouri*, shows conclusively that the crews of passenger steamers should be carefully instructed and drilled in every thing which is to be done in case of fire. The moment that the alarm is given there should be a consciousness in the minds of crew and passengers that the event has been foreseen and provided for. That consciousness would of itself be a condition of safety. Every man would be ordered to his post like a soldier, and the mechanism of military obedience would be of incalculable advantage.

But no such provision will be made without the stern demand of public opinion. Experience is wiser than theory; and the *laisser-aller*, the let-'em-alone principle, is not proved to be more humane than public care of the public safety. In August the *Bienville* was burned, and in October the *Missouri*. Did the earlier loss serve in the least degree to obviate the later? Is the horrible tragedy of the *Missouri* to render a similar misfortune less probable? Certainly not, if we merely say, "How awful!"

A CORRECTION.

We have more than once stated that the Honorable S. S. Cox said, in a street speech at Chicago during the sessions of the Democratic Convention of 1864, that he thought Lincoln and Davis should be brought to the same block. Our statement was made upon the ground of a report in the newspapers at the time, which was afterward republished in a document with other things that we knew to be true. We are now assured, however, upon conclusive authority, not only that Mr. Cox was not at the place where the speech was said to have been delivered, and that he promptly denied the assertion at the time in a Columbus paper, but that a copy of the denial was sent to us. Of course we did not receive it, or we should not have repeated the charge during the late canvass. And we hope that every body who may have credited the story upon our authority will see this statement of its entire untruth, with this expression of sincere regret that we should have been the unwitting instrument of injury to the good name of Mr. Cox.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., the Boston publishers, have added to their superb quarto library of classic translations the *Æneid of Virgil*, by Christopher Pearce Cranch, and it will not be considered the least admirable of that remarkable series. Mr. Cranch is a poet, and his work has been a true labor of love. In his frank and pleasant preface he explains all that the reader would wish to ask of his reasons for choosing the form of blank verse. Mr. Cranch says, and we are very sure that those who are familiar with the various rhymed versions of Virgil will agree with him, "I can not think of a form more fitting for an epic, nor one, on the whole, better adapted to a worthy rendering of the sense and spirit of the *Æneid*. I could not help feeling, too, while engaged in my task, that the Latin lines lend themselves to the very requirements of blank verse, in the fact that their conciseness so often obliges an overlapping of one translated line into the next, and thus favors the variation of the pause which in this metre is so essential to the avoidance of monotony and the sustaining of rhythmical effect."

The charm of this translation is the essentially poetic impression that it leaves. The cheerful serenity of Virgil suffuses the page. It is very exact, as we have proved in several passages, but it is not mechanical. It sings itself along with measured Mantuan dignity, and there is a flowing freedom and ease of movement which neither conceal nor impede the original. We have no space here for quotations; but we are very sure that those who do not know the great Roman epic can not be introduced to it so agreeably, nor be so surely won to its enjoyment, as by this translation. The publishers of the series of which the *Æneid* is one, and which already includes *Dante's Divina Comedia*, by Longfellow, *Homer's Iliad* and *Odyssey*, by Bryant, and *Goethe's Faust*, by Bayard Taylor, deserve the liberal support, as they have already the sincere commendation and sympathy, of all lovers of scholarship and good literature.

A very different book from *Virgil's Æneid* is Mr. Charles Nordhoff's *California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence: a Book for Travelers and Settlers*. And a book which might well renew the emigration to that happy land, sending out a new band of "Argonauts," as Mr. Bret Harte describes the pioneer gold-hunters of 1848. It is a bright and fascinating description of the marvelous State of the Union in which the American citizen reclines under flowering almond-trees, breathing a soft and healing air from the Pacific Ocean in the month of January. We say American citizen, because, despite the enchanting climate, Mr. Nordhoff never forgets nor allows his reader to forget that it is of America and of American life and scenery that he is speaking. The magnetism of the book is delightful. The author would be called enthusiastic in his praise of California. But he never hops or caracoles. His feet are always upon the hard ground of facts and figures, and you feel that he is telling the truth, and a truth that rejoices his heart to tell. Indeed, there is no such fresh and satisfactory picture of California. The author has not only seen it, but he has felt it. "There, and there only on this planet," he says in his preface, setting the tune of symphony that follows, "the traveler and resident may enjoy the delights of the tropics without their penalties; a mild climate, not enervating, but healthful and health-restoring; a wonderfully and variously productive soil, without tropical malaria; the grandest scenery, with perfect security and comfort in traveling arrangements; strange customs, but neither lawlessness nor semi-barbarism."

The journey overland is carefully and charmingly described, and with the abundant illustrations and directions, the reader will be ready to start at once. Then the people, the pursuits, the scenery, the opportunities, of the new Cathay are vividly set forth. The cheapness, the healthfulness, the comfort, which Mr. Nordhoff depicts at once dispose of our complacent Atlantic theories that it is "very well, but crude and half civilized, you know." That view of the subject will not survive this book. Indeed, it is very fortunate for us all that Mr. Nordhoff went to California; for he has such sympathy and intelligence, such an eye and such a hand, that in reading his book he makes us go to California in spirit, and long to go thither in the flesh.

PERSONAL.

A higher compliment has seldom, if ever, been paid to a judge than was paid to Judge Brady, of the Supreme Court, at the closing of his charge to the jury in the case of Mayor Hall. Prior to the summing up counsel on both sides had prepared several pages of points on which they requested the judge should charge the jury. At the conclusion of his charge Judge Brady said, "Now, gentlemen of the jury, before you take your seats there is a bulky paper of requests to charge." Whereupon Mr. Stoughton, for the Mayor, said, "We do not desire your honor to read the requests. So far as we are concerned we are entirely satisfied, and do not ask you to vary the charge." Mr. Tremaine, for the people, promptly arose and stated that they also were entirely satisfied, and withdrew the request to charge. Judge Brady was warmly congratulated by members of the bar, including counsel on both sides, for the able, dignified, and perfectly impartial manner in which he had presided. To receive the commendation of prosecutor and prosecuted is something as unusual as it is honorable.

—There are some notable "personals" in the interesting exhibition of the American Institute now open in Third Avenue. We mean the superb collection of imperial photographs of eminent Americans, taken by Brady. As works of art, independent of their priceless value as portraits of our great historic characters, they are simply faultless. It is to be hoped that at the next session of Congress an appropriation will be made that will secure Mr. Brady's collection of historical portraits to the country. In March, 1871, the Joint Library Committee of Congress made a unanimous report recommending that Congress should purchase the entire collection. The report says, very truthfully, that, "as a memorial of the illustrious dead, whose names are connected with the great events of American history, there can be no more worthy act performed by the Congress of the United States than to secure for it a fixed place of deposit in the Library of Congress, while the collection, placed there in an accessible and suitable form for general inspection and study—a historical album both of the living and of the dead—would be a constant source of national gratification, and its locality the very shrine of patriotism. 'A portrait,' according to an eminent authority, 'is superior in real instruction to half a dozen written biographies;' nor can we doubt that the purchase by the government of this collection, and its exhibition in the library, will fail to exert the most salutary influence, kindling the patriotism as well as the artistic taste of the people. Through its means the country will become possessed of a rare collection of the portraits of her most distinguished sons—a collection around which not alone the idle and the curious will linger, but to which the artist will resort for the faithful representations of men many of whom the eye may no longer behold, and where the historian may enrich his page with glimpses of life-like reality."

—The new Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Roundell Palmer, has issued an address to his late constituents, in which he says, "The time has arrived at which it is my duty to bid you farewell as your representative in Parliament. In the high office to which her Majesty has been pleased to call me I trust I may be enabled, by God's blessing, so to act as not to forfeit your good opinion, nor give you any cause to regret that my name had been so long associated with the borough of Richmond." He was the Parliamentary representative of the borough for eleven years.

—Mohammed and the Pope! The amenities of autocrats are among the pleasant results of modern civilization. Recently Russia, Austria, and Germany met, dined, wined, and chatted together. By the last steamer we learn that the Sultan of Turkey, wishing to do something neat for Pius IX., sent that prelate some very splendid presents, consisting of precious embroidered hangings for a room; but as they were consigned to the Turkish minister at the Italian court for presentation to his Holiness, Cardinal Antonelli intimated the impossibility of their reception at the Vatican. Embroidered hangings are all very well, but of no pressing need to a man of eighty odd whose tastes and habits are of the very simplest sort.

—Mr. George Denman, the new judge to fill the vacancy caused by the suicide of Justice Willes, of England, is a son of the late Lord Denman, formerly Lord Chief Justice of England. He has been in Parliament for thirteen years, and has high position at the bar.

—Mr. J. H. Newman, an English convert to Romanism, intimates that if the Pope were to teach cruelty, or approve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he would deserve condemnation. The New York *Tablet* indignantly denies that the Pope can possibly do either. Sir George Bowyer, another distinguished English Catholic, asserts that the famous *Syllabus* was not "an exercise of infallibility." The New York *Tablet* declares that it was. It seems in future that no Roman Catholic will be able to distinguish the infallible from the fallible.

—M. Sardou, the author of *Agnes*, now running at one of our city theatres, is a successful playwright in a pecuniary way. His *Rabagas* has already been performed 250 times, and his profit of twelve per cent. on the receipts has brought him about $25,000. It has also been printed and run through twelve editions. The whole profits of the piece are sufficient to give a capital that returns to M. Sardou a permanent income of $1200 a year.

—These Englishmen that have come over to instruct and entertain us—Froude, Yates, and Tyndall—how they have been dined and wined and "recepted," to be sure! The Froude banquet was a notably fine affair. We are getting to be as proverbial for the dinner business as the English themselves, of whom Douglas Jerrold so pithily said, "If an earthquake were to ingulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

—It was one of the most notable peculiarities of William H. Seward's professional career as a lawyer that he never was engaged in a case against a woman.

—Soon after the burning of Mr. Emerson's house at Concord he was informed by Judge Hoar that parties who are to remain unknown had deposited in bank a generous sum of money to the credit of Mr. Emerson as trustee, that nobody but himself could draw it, and that the purpose of the trust would be accomplished when the house is restored.

—No wonder that the relatives of Marshal Bazaine are anxious to have him shot. The old gentleman is worth $400,000.

—M. Joigneray, an athlete of prodigious strength, has made his appearance in Paris. Among other exercises, being suspended by his feet from a trapeze, he lifted from the ground a real horse by the mere power of his hands.

—General William Schouler, who died a few days since at his country residence, near Boston, was one of those full, round, excellent characters that are so rare as to be noticeable. His career from early manhood was conspicuous and honorable. Commencing life in Lowell as a journalist, the vigor and incisiveness of his pen soon attracted general attention, and caused his removal to the wider field presented in the Boston *Atlas*, of which he became editor. His service in the State Legislature and his subsequent management, for a brief period, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, added to his reputation. But that which will carry his name to posterity is his work, in two octavo volumes, on *Massachusetts during the War*. The patient toil and the conscientious, painstaking spirit that appear on every page of that work have never been surpassed in any similar history. Already it is regarded as a standard authority in New England, and, indeed, by all who have wished to familiarize themselves with the honorable part taken by Massachusetts during our great struggle. General Schouler was, in the best sense of the word, a good man—a good father, a good neighbor, a good citizen—and in the various positions he filled his influence was always exerted for what was good.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The jury in the case against Mayor Hall disagreed, and were discharged on the 1st inst. There were seven for conviction and five for acquittal. The Mayor declared that this result was the sorest disappointment of his whole lifetime.

Great excitement prevails on the Connecticut shore, owing to the arrival of a vessel at Stonington from San Domingo with cases of yellow fever on board.

Assistant-Aldermen Isaac Robinson and Edward Costello, of this city, were arrested on the 29th ult. for bribery, and were placed under bail in the amount of $5000 each.

A proclamation has been issued from the State Department charging a discriminating duty of ten per cent., *ad valorem*, upon all goods hereafter imported into the United States in French vessels, which come from any other country than France.

James H. Ingersoll, the "chair-maker," and John D. Farrington, Jun., surrendered themselves to the authorities, October 30, on the charge of having forged one of the "Ring" warrants in a pretended claim against the city.

An important decision affecting the suits against members of the late municipal "Ring" has been rendered by Judge Barrett, according to which the Supervisors have the right to sue for $6,000,000 said to have been robbed from the city treasury.

The steamer *Victor*, from New Orleans to New York, was wrecked off the Florida coast on the 20th ult. Fortunately no lives were lost.

The funeral of Mrs. Horace Greeley took place from Dr. Chapin's church on the 1st inst., and was attended by a large number of the friends of the family.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A terrific hurricane swept through a portion of the island of Sicily October 27, blowing down several houses and burying thirty persons in the ruins.

The inundation of the river Po has been very disastrous. Whole districts have been submerged to the house-tops, and forty thousand of the inhabitants are homeless.

A conflict has arisen between the Upper and Lower Houses of the German Diet. The Lower House had passed a Country Reform bill, providing self-government for the rural districts, but when it came to the Upper House it was vehemently opposed. The emperor commanded the president of the Upper House to put an end to the dead lock in the Diet by indorsing the measure of the Lower House, and on its refusal to do so, Parliament was prorogued.

It is said by the Roman papers that Cardinal Cullen's recent visit to the Pope was to enlist his sympathies in behalf of the Galway clergy, who are suffering persecution, but that the "Holy Father" refused to interfere, and said some bitter things concerning the Irish clergy.

President Thiers has ordered an inquiry into the conversation of certain army officers at La Fare, who are charged with having stated that General Cissey and his staff entertain strong sympathies for the Bonapartes. General Cissey will therefore resign as Minister of War.

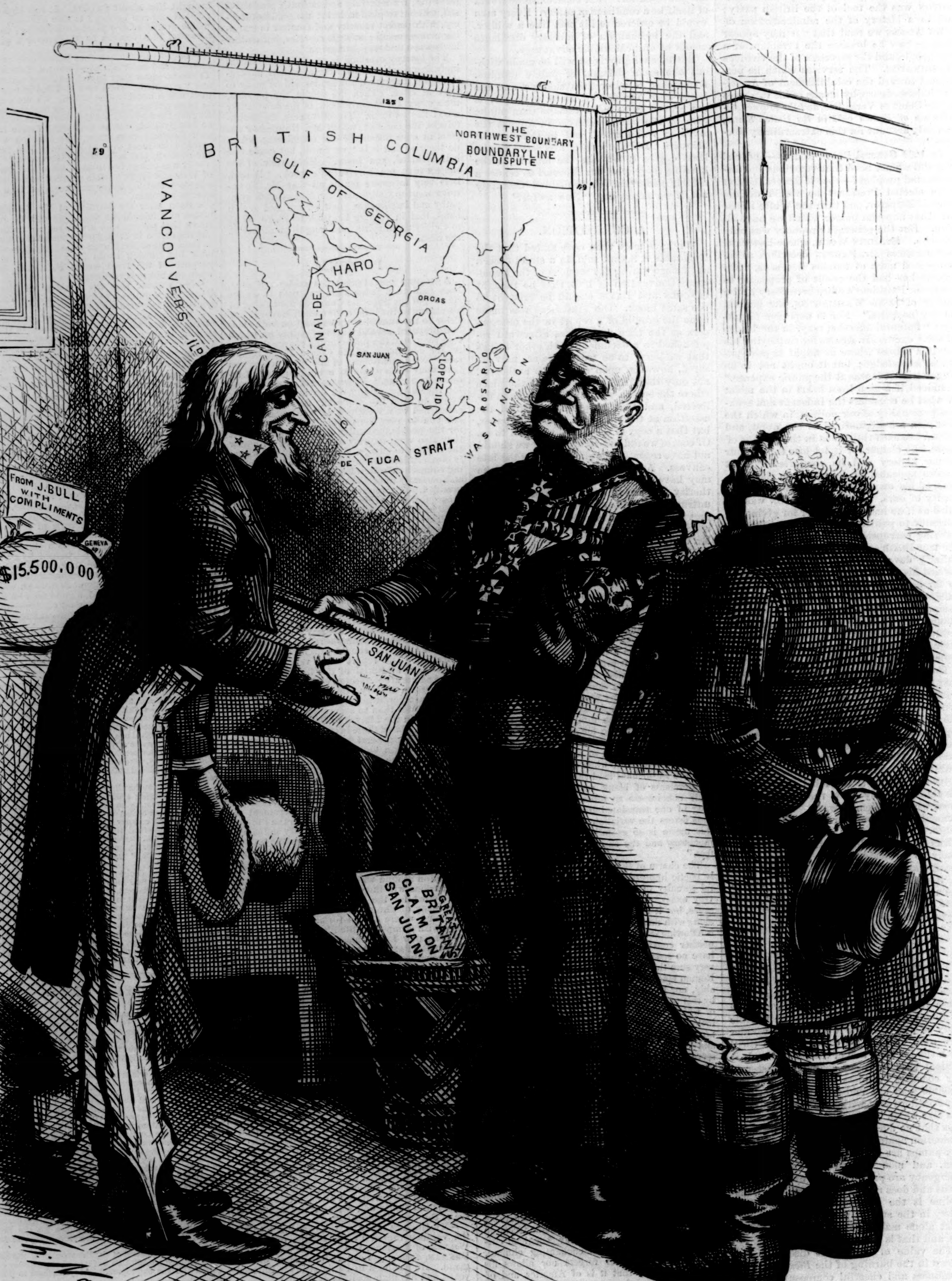
The Council-General of the Department of the Seine have adopted a resolution in favor of compulsory education and the employment of lay teachers in public schools.

There was a warm discussion in the Spanish Cortes recently. Señor Garridos having remarked that the radical party in Spain existed only by sufferance of the republicans, a keen debate took place between Señor Zorilla, President of the Council, and Señor Figueras, during which the latter said that this was the last Spanish ministry which would be formed under King Amadeus.

One of the republican deputies presented a petition in the Spanish Cortes, October 28, asking for the adoption of measures to insure the cession of Gibraltar to Spain.

The Pope has resolved to defend the cause of the Church of Geneva against the decree of the Swiss government forbidding the exercise of his episcopal functions within Swiss territory by the recently appointed Bishop of Mermillod.

The Oxford Music-Hall, one of the finest in England, was destroyed by fire on the night of October 31. The loss was about $375,000.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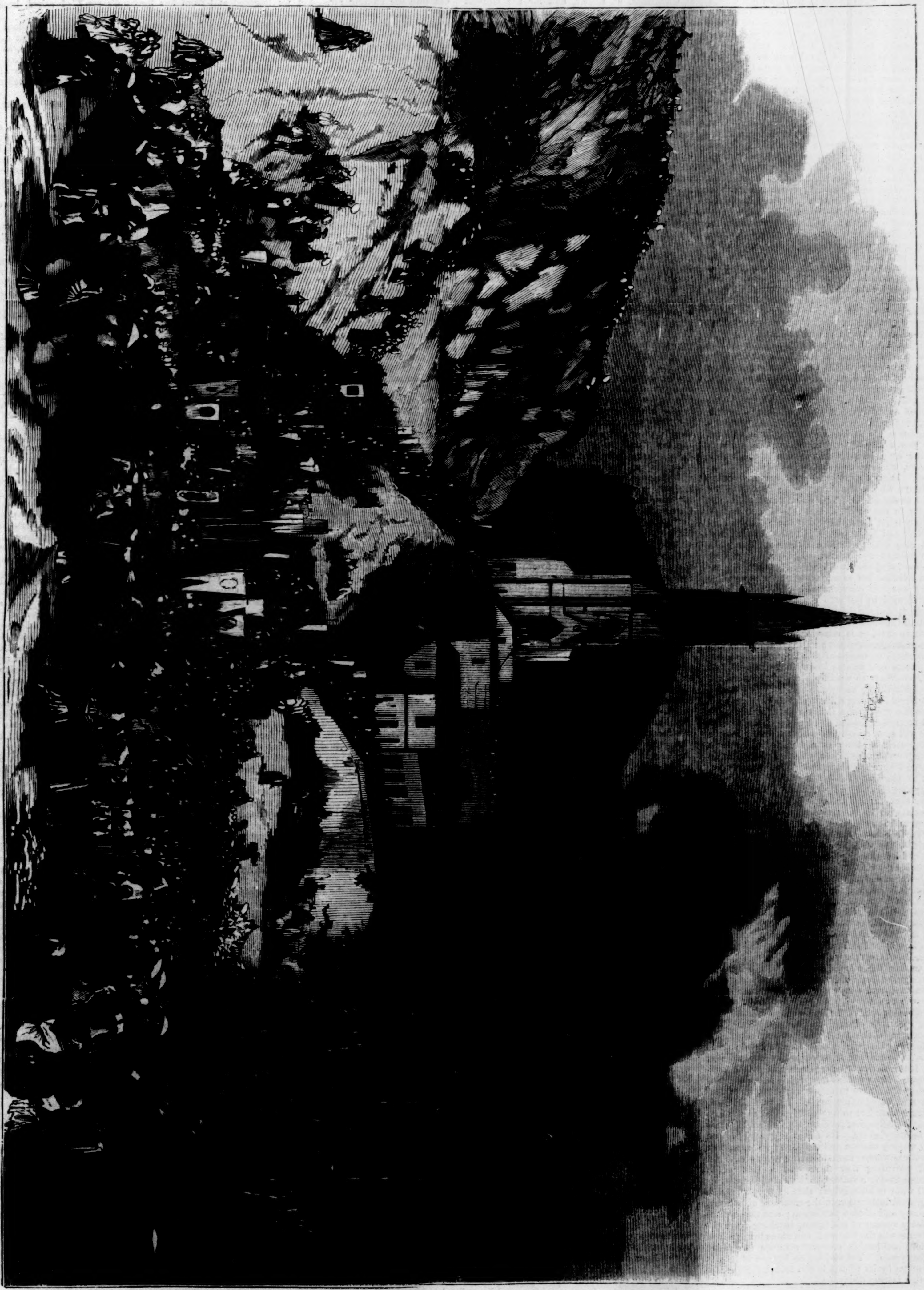
GREAT BRITAIN'S CLAIM ON SAN JUAN.
Th. Nast

"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

Kaiser William. "Uncle Sam's Claim is most in Accordance with the *True Interpretation* of the Treaty of June, 1840."



SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE—PILGRIMS TO THE SHRINE OF THE LADY OF LOURDES.

FRENCH PILGRIMS—ROMISH SUPERSTITIONS

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Between the modern pilgrim and his ancestor of the Middle Ages there is little resemblance, for progress has smoothed the way to the most distant shrines. In the eleventh century **Ingulphus** of Croyland describes the fashionable pilgrimage to Jerusalem. For their sins a noble and courtly train of Normans left the court of Duke **William**, joined the Archbishop of Mentz on the Rhine, and with a company of seven thousand persons, princes, bishops, lords, and commons, began their journey to the Holy Sepulchre. They traversed many countries; the way was long, the paths unknown; but they reached in safety the walls of Constantinople, and kissed the sacred shrines of Saint Sophia. Yet as they crossed into Syria their toils redoubled. Arabian robbers plundered them of their money; many perished by the way; until at last a weary and diminished company entered the gates of the Holy City, and, with wild enthusiasm, all their toils repaid, pressed onward to the "divine" Church and the Holy Sepulchre. The cymbals crashed, the innumerable torches blazed, as they moved in a stately procession to the sacred scene; the aisles of the magnificent church echoed to their sighs, and its pavements were wet with their tears. They wept over the desolation of Jerusalem, and returned to relate to Western Europe the insolence and the cruelty of the infidel. But of the thirty well-mounted and prosperous Normans who had accompanied **Ingulphus** to Mentz there remained only twenty famished and feeble pilgrims, scarcely rescued from the darts of the Arabian robbers and the fiery heat of the Syrian sun. The Crusades soon followed, and Norman and German hastened to the conquest of the East.

The French have recently renewed the passion for pilgrimages. But the modern pilgrim rides in a rail-car, and encounters no perils in his journey. He is content to pay his vows within the borders of France, at the shrine of the Lady of Lourdes. This is the most recent of all the Romish shrines. It is not yet fifteen years since the peculiar sanctity of Lourdes was attested by the apparition of the Virgin to a young girl, upon whose sole testimony rests the whole legend that has consecrated the scene. The vision has been adopted by the French clergy. The descent of the Virgin, according to President THIERS, is a part of the national faith, and forty thousand pilgrims were lately assembled at Lourdes to entreat the Queen of Heaven to intercede for fallen France and the imprisoned Pope. On their way they seem to have received some ill treatment from the less superstitious part of the population. At Nantes the pilgrims were jostled and ridiculed, or the nuns driven to take refuge in the shops. The people plainly thought that the enthusiasts might be more usefully employed than in seeking to renew a superstition that had brought upon France all its woes; that the age of pilgrimages and of crusades is over; that the fable of the Lady of Lourdes is a preposterous and dangerous delusion. Not so, however, thought President THIERS, who rebuked the people for the insult they had offered to the national faith.

The new shrine is seated amidst the finest scenery of the Pyrenees. The tall mountains, covered with snow, rise over the little village of Lourdes. A fortified château, emblem of the cruel passions of the Middle Ages, stands near on its towering rock. Below, the river Gave runs bright and clear through meadows of the richest green, and forming a half circle around the hills, incloses a deep grotto, the scene of the famous apparition. It was here that in February, 1858, a girl of fourteen, BERNADETTE SOUBIRONS, sickly and consumptive, declared that she saw a lady of singular beauty in the gloom of the cave, bearing on her arm a chaplet of flowers, smiling, and making the sign of the cross. BERNADETTE had with her two other children, who saw nothing. She continued her visits to the grotto. The vision commanded her to dig in the earth, and as she did so a holy stream burst forth, in which the sick are now bathed, and from which pilgrims drink. She was also told to build a church on the rock. She related the vision. The people at first doubted, and then believed. Throngs of peasants followed her to her devotions at the grotto. They saw her converse with the unseen lady: she seemed to fall into ecstatic trances. The clergy spread the delusion, and to-day no devout Roman Catholic in France doubts the story of BERNADETTE, or is conscious of her imposture. The grotto has become a national shrine. Paris sends forth its troops of pilgrims, and thousands of priests and monks leave their colleges and their convents to worship the Lady of Lourdes. The little village has grown suddenly into wealth and fame. A magnificent church is being built upon the rock where BERNADETTE declared she had been commanded to place one; the mountains will soon be covered with convents; France will possess a Mecca or a Loretto, and a fable more preposterous than any legend of the Middle Ages will have been ingrafted upon the papal creed.

The pilgrims to Lourdes encounter none of the perils related by INGULPHUS. They fill the cars, they throng the hotels, carry their provisions with them, and enjoy a picnic on the green meadows by the Gave. I have seen, says a French correspondent of a Paris journal, entire families visit the grotto: the mother and the children kneel piously, the father uncovers himself respectfully before the altar. This act of devotion ended, they retire to the meadow to a simple lunch, and then take the afternoon train for their homes. But the correspondent suggests that the religious ardor of the pilgrims presages a happy future for his country. It is for the Pope and for France that people pray at the national shrine. Like another JOAN of Arc, BERNADETTE, we may infer, is relied upon to awaken the martial instincts of the French. It is against Italy and Germany that their vows are aimed, and a new crusade may perhaps follow the modern pilgrimage. Yet there can be no plainer proof of the real want of France than this spectacle of medieval superstition. The ignorance of the great mass of its people, the influence of a priesthood educated in the delusions of barbarism, have sapped its honesty, and left it the victim of adventurers and selfish politicians. No generous and manly voice is heard urging the nation to follow the dictates of reason and of common-sense. Its President, M. THIERS, panders to its papal leaders, to the malignant instincts of revenge, and its wild dreams of military glory. Its factories run night and day forging cannon and muskets; its remaining wealth is wasted in maintaining useless officials, and providing new fleets and armies. Had France to-day a statesman, he would see that its real want is knowledge; that its people require a general instruction in the elements of national honesty and of true patriotism; and that a compulsory system of education, reaching from the Pyrenees to the Channel, can alone bring peace, union, and lasting prosperity to his misguided countrymen. Yet so long as France is held in bondage by its priests it can look for no escape from a lasting decay.

MRS. DUNCAN'S WILL.

I.

THE little church stands high upon the hill at Crossmyroof. It is not a handsome church at all, nor curious, nor famous; but I love it dearly, as I ought to love it, having lived all my life in its very shadow, and listened within its old gray walls while my father's lips taught me the one great lesson which has sanctified it.

We decorated it three times in every year: at Christmas, at Easter, and for the Harvest Thanksgiving service. But the Christmas decorations were what I took most pride in, and being the vicar's eldest daughter, of course the chief of the work, and of the pleasure, fell upon me. The children (I mean my brothers and sisters) helped me always, and we had one of our own servants when she could be spared, besides countless village volunteers; but I always felt we should have been very much more incapable and unsuccessful if it had not been that old Mrs. Gotto made a point of having her grandson down at Crossmyroof for Christmas. He was so ready with his help, so quick to see what would look well, so tall and strong, that nothing we wished to attempt was impossible when he was there, and nothing in the work was a trouble to me.

Sometimes Eleanor M'Laird came up from the hall to help us, and when she did she generally laughed—a little, low, aristocratic laugh—over my garlands and texts, and pretended to think the children had done them all. I was often glad that we were in the church when she said so, because hot words rose from my heart, and would have left my lips perhaps if we had not been there. She was an only child, and very rich, and I was the eldest of eight, and had never known what it was to have a sixpence the spending of which had not been anticipated. Her father was lord of the manor, with £3000 a year; mine was vicar of the parish, with £300.

Christmas-day fell on a Saturday that year, and it was getting quite dusk on the Friday afternoon before we had finished. Eleanor had brought a magnificent bouquet of hot-house flowers for the chancel table, and I stood watching her while she arranged them.

"They will not be moved, I hope," she said, stepping down into the aisle again and addressing me, "nor the cross I have placed above. James, just see that the cross is safe."

James was the footman who had been sent to walk home with her; and while he did as she had bidden him, she repeated her question to me.

"No; no one will move them, Miss M'Laird," I answered.

"Low-Church people have such cramped ideas sometimes," she said, passing on; and I sat down again to the wreath that I was making.

How different the vicarage flowers were from those which she had brought from the conservatories at the hall. I thought this, working on with my shy-looking little roses, while the whispering shadows glided in under the heavy porch, and crept along the narrow windows. I had heard voices in the church-yard after Eleanor had left the church, and I knew that Marq Gotto (his name was really Marquis, but we always called him Marq) had met her just outside the porch, and had stopped to chat. She was generally very gracious to him; perhaps because he did not live in Crossmyroof; perhaps because he had that charm about him which compelled people to like him; perhaps because he was so grand and handsome that she could forget, while she was talking to him, that he was only a poor young lawyer struggling hard to win his own way in a world over whose wide extent, he used to say, there was no one else to win it for him.

"Is it finished?" asked Marq, standing beside me in the twilight, with that little smile upon his lips with which he so often spoke to me. "If so, let me hang it before we are shrouded in utter darkness."

I tried to hasten, but the string got entangled every second.

"Nina, your hands are cold and tired, dear. Give me the wreath."

I gave it him at once, helping him to hold it while his strong fingers dextrously tied in the last ivy and laurel leaves.

"Now hand me the nails, and see how artistically I will put it up."

I stood at the foot of the little ladder, while the children, who had finished their task, gathered round. When the wreath was hung he stepped down among us, and—quite unconsciously, I think—laid his hand on mine as he looked up at it.

"The flowers look very commonplace beside Miss M'Laird's," I said, with a little sigh.

He laughed—the laugh deepening in his eyes as he turned and looked into my face.

"I think Miss M'Laird's garlands are as like herself as Miss Callaway's garlands are like herself. My fingers could not weave a wreath of hers."

"That looks pretty now," I said, still looking up.

"It is our wreath, remember. How long will it live?"

"Only over Christmas," put in Tom, practically.

"Indeed, Sir!" laughed Marq; "and may I inquire what Christmas you allude to? Now, Nina, is there any thing else for me to do in this way?"

"I think not."

But though the children went home then, we two still lingered there, while the brilliant Nativity scene upon the eastern window grew more and more real as the light faded without.

"I have one thing more to do, you know, Marq," I said, as the choir came in. "We have to sing the anthem over to papa."

"That's right. I will stand here and listen."

The singers lighted the candles on the organ, and bent over them to bring their light upon the music; but I knew the grand old anthem well, and stood back in the shadow, where I could see Marq leaning at the end of our seat. Often in the time that followed did I sadly remember how heedlessly I had sung the comforting words that night, while I watched his listening figure.

Papa was detained in the village, and so Marq and I walked slowly on together down the quiet lane, the darkness of the Christmas night deepening and deepening, and no star yet venturing out into the chilling air. Yet we lingered at every step, thinking nothing of the cold. Marq was telling me of that strange old Mrs. Duncan, who ever since I can remember has lived alone at the old Priory on the other side of the hill. Of course long ago I had heard the story of her cruelty to her step-son, and of the quarrel between them when his father died and left all his wealth unconditionally to her, the will never even mentioning his only son; but Marq was telling me other things—how Mrs. Duncan always sought his advice now on the most trifling matters of business; how often she sent for him when she was in London; how she was now ill at Torquay, and he was going to her in a few days.

"When lawyers get one good client they think their fortunes made, Marq, don't they?" I asked.

"I can not quite answer for lawyers in general being so weak, dear; but one lawyer in particular is. I feel my fortune made. My only want now is—some one to share it."

He was laughing, of course, and I laughed too.

"It is too great for you to spend alone, then?"

"It will be when I've earned it. I intend to have such a beautiful little home. A white house with roses and jasmine all over it, and a garden full of wonderful scents and unexpected corners—just like your own home, Nina. And of course I shall want some one to share it with me."

"Your grandmother," I suggested.

"No, dear. My venerable ancestress is a strong conservative, declining to leave her ingle; and can you expect her primitive residence to hold me when I am a great man?"

"You remember the inquisitive bells of Stepney?"

"You want to know when that will be, do you? With your usual far-sightedness, you would insinuate that I am counting my chickens too soon. Never mind! I feel that I shall win success at last. Faint heart, as you are aware, never won fair lady; and as I mean to win her, my heart is very strong. That is the one great hope that leads me on, Nina. Stand here a moment, dear, out in the quiet night with me, and tell me that hope shall have its fulfillment."

We were at the gate then, and I heard papa's step behind us on the frosty road. A new nervousness came upon me in my great happiness, and I hurriedly put my fingers on the latch. Marq laid his cool, firm hand upon them, whispering, very tenderly,

"I will not keep you here, my dear one; I will not urge you for your answer now. Give it me to-morrow night—on Christmas-night. Ah, little Nina, let it be kind. I have loved you with all the strength of my heart. You have been the one bright hope of all my life. Let the pleasant home of which I dream be mine. Give me the little wife I seek, to make it bright and beautiful."

Quite quietly we walked together up the garden, but when we reached the lighted hall I ran away up stairs. After tea we had a long, happy evening of Christmas games and music, and Marq seemed to lead every thing, and was the wildest and the merriest of us all. Not till the bells had chimed the Christmas in did we think of separating. Then the children were sent to bed, and Marq stood at the hall door, lingering over his good-night, the frosty breath of the new-born day filling the hall, and we laughing and shivering as we stood there. He loitered so long that they all left us; then I gave him my hand that I might follow them.

"I wonder whether I shall reach home safely," he mused, holding it while he looked round into the darkness. "Nina, let me take what light I can. Let me have another look into the face I love."

Moving back into the light, my cheeks burning, I stood and smiled my last good-by; and outside in the gloom Marq raised his hat and brightly answered me.

Our wreath, he had said—Marq's and mine! I thought it looked lovely even among Eleanor's rare and brilliant flowers. The children and I—reaching the church first of all the congregation—walked up the aisle, whispering how beautiful the glistening leaves and berries looked when the slanting sun-rays touched them. Then I took my place in the choir, and in little straggling groups the people passed under the porch, bringing in the Christmas sunshine on their faces. Old Mrs. Gotto came at last, on Marq's arm, and she stood a moment just within the door, looking round upon the decorations. Marq looked up too, but his eyes were very grave, and I fancied that his thoughts were far away.

Then, in a hush which seemed to me a breathless hush of joy—we sat among the winter flowers in gleams of sunshine, while my father read us the old sweet story, which has hallowed this day for every age to come. And the glad words of the anthem filled the church as if we too, in joy and thanksgiving, would join the angels' glorious hymn to-day.

We had been home only a few minutes, and were standing round the fire warming our feet, when Marq came in. I wondered to see him, because he never came to us on Christmas-day until evening, and I especially wondered when—as he shook hands with us all—he wished us a merry Christmas, forgetting he had done so in the early morning.

"I am sorry to say my Christmas greeting heralds my good-by," he said, speaking rather nervously. "Mr. Callaway, what do you think has happened?"

Of course papa said he could not think at all.

"Old Mrs. Duncan has died at Torquay, and—and—left me her heir."

"Nonsense!" papa said, promptly. "You joke too gravely, Marq."

"But it is not a joke, Sir; it is a simple fact."

"But she has a son, Mr. Gotto," began Tom, staring into Marq's face.

"No: but her husband had one."

"And has she left her husband's wealth away from her husband's son?" I asked, breathing very quickly.

Marq simply answered "Yes," without looking at me as he spoke. "Since that quarrel, nearly twenty years ago," he added, as papa questioned him farther, "she has never heard of this son, and has never tried to hear of him. He is not mentioned in her will, they tell me."

"And the will is valid?"

"Perfectly so. The property was her own, to leave as she would."

"Then the father's will long ago was as unjust as the mother's is now," mamma interrupted.

"Old Mr. Duncan was entirely ruled by his wife, I believe," Marq answered, "and left her uncontrolled possession of the whole estate."

"But he never could have imagined that she would will it away from his only son," my father said. "Why, the name and the estate have gone together for two hundred years!"

"Was Mrs. Duncan quite clear in her mind when the will was made, do you think?" I inquired.

"Quite so, as far as medical judgment goes."

"There is no difficulty in deciding *what* was wrong in her mind," said my father, gravely. "How inveterate must have been her hatred!"

"What a rich man you will be, Marq!" said Tom, delightedly, "and you'll live at the Priory, and be greater than the M'Lairds."

"Are you really very rich and great, Marq?" asked Elsie, raising her small, inquisitive face, and trying—as I think we were all trying—to read Marq's.

He stooped upon the rug beside her, and I fancied that he did it to avoid our eyes, as he answered, "Yes, I am a very rich man, Elsie darling, but not great yet. That I must try to be, now that the riches are mine."

The words were spoken very slowly and very thoughtfully, and they fell upon my heart as a heavy shadow sometimes falls upon a sunny spot.

He had to start for Devonshire so early in the morning, he said, that he must bid us good-by then. His grandmother would not hear of his leaving her again that day. We all shook hands with him as we stood round the fire; then he hurried away, saying he should be late for dinner, as he had to go round to the Priory.

"He speaks of the place in a tone of proprietorship already," papa said, laughing a little. "It will be good to have such a neighbor. I wish I had him for a patron. He will go into Parliament, of course, and be a great man, as he says."

"Poor Mr. Duncan!" mamma said, as she and I went up stairs. And whether it was because I thought of him, or because I thought of Marq, or because I thought of myself, I don't know, but the joy and sunshine of that Christmas-day were gone. I had no fire in my bedroom, else I think I should have sat before it all that night, wondering and wondering. Yet I dare say that would not have made things any clearer to me than they seemed, as I stood for those few minutes at the staircase window. It was to-night that I was to have told him whether the home he said he dreamed of should be his. Another home had been given him now, which took him—in one way—far from me. He was free. Since I had not accepted his love, he could not think himself bound to me, and would go into a different world now, and see how much more wisely he could choose.

"I know he will be a great man," I whispered to myself, "and I will rejoice in it as I live on quietly here. Perhaps sometimes, when he feels tired of his state and grandeur, he will like to rest a few minutes in the old garden, with 'its wonderful scents and unexpected corners;' and I shall be his friend—only his friend, but always true to him in my heart, whether he knows it or not. Oh, I am so glad that I could not tell him last night how I loved him!"

Yet though I said that I was glad, though I pictured the quiet friendship I would feel for him, my heart would beat so quickly when the letters came that I dared not trust myself to look at them; and while I waited for them to be claimed, each breath I drew hurt me with a quick, sharp pain.

Week after week went by, and no tidings came of him—no tidings for us, at least. Sometimes old Mrs. Gotto told us where he was, but not often, and never what he was doing. Spring came. The roses and jasmine on the white walls of my home blossomed in their first fresh beauty, looking in at my window, and reminding me of many a happy spring-time past, while the birds sang hopefully of many a happy spring to come. But still he never came.

Dreamily, in its full and perfect beauty, the summer followed; on all the land lay its flashing, radiant smile; but through these long bright days he did not come.

I listened to the reapers singing at their work; I listened to the lark echoing their song among the soft white clouds; but through all the joyous music of the autumn days there rang for me a sad, sad strain, because he did not come. Slowly there crept to my feet the lengthening shadows of the winter, whose coming I so sorely dreaded.

II.

It was Christmas-eve once more, and I had just brought into the church my last armful of glistening holly boughs from the porch. Under the pulpit stairs sat Eleanor, sewing letters of box leaves on white muslin.

"FEAR NOT—" The words grew under her fingers, and I read them over and over as I stood resting a moment near her. She was talking to papa quietly and rapidly as she worked, but I did not follow her. Now and then I heard "chasubles," "tunicles," "albs," "baretta," and many things which I suppose he understood, though he hardly spoke at all; but the only words which went to my heart were those her fingers left upon the long white scroll.

I turned to my work, ashamed of the feeling which had been upon me all that morning. I would not think again of any one who had been used to make this task so light to me in the years gone by. I would think none but happy Christmas thoughts.

"Why have you left that space bare, Nina? Sha'n't you put a wreath up as you did last year?"

"No, Tom. I've finished now."

Eleanor had seen her text put up, and was leaving the church, wrapped in her rich, soft furs. She hesitated a moment, looking curiously into my face, where the color had risen, sorely against my will.

"Who made the wreath that hung there last year?" she asked Tom.

"Nina and Mr. Gotto."

"Have you heard of Mr. Gotto lately?" she said to me.

"No."

"Have you not?" and she raised her eyebrows with languid surprise. "He is in London now. He is coming down to stay with us before he takes possession of the Priory. Papa helps him at present in the personal management of the estate, but we expect him soon."

"How soon?"

I asked it in a voice so still and passionless that it surprised me when I heard it.

"Perhaps to-night; I know he will come as soon as he can. He agrees with us that the Priory ought to be occupied. It is the only house in the neighborhood which I visit. Now I will bid you good-evening, Miss Callaway."

I had been going to give her my earnest Christmas wishes; but now my hands were tight upon the rails, and my tongue felt hot and dry.

"Then you won't put a wreath up there, Nina?"

"No, no."

"How very decidedly you shake your head! Then we've finished, I suppose. I shall stop for the practice, and walk home with you." As Tom spoke he gathered up a few stray leaves and bits of string which we had let fall after the woman swept the church, and I carried with me the flowers I had not used. They were only the old simple flowers from our own garden and little greenhouse, but I thought how bright and fresh they looked when I laid them down upon my own seat in the choir.

We tried over our new anthem in the fading daylight; but papa, who stood to listen just where Marq had stood last year, decided that he would rather hear the old one. So we sang it once over; then with swimming eyes I went away, and left the flowers lying there.

The snow lay ankle-deep upon the church-yard grass next morning, but a path was cleared up to the porch, where the pure white flakes clung delicately to the dark old wood-work. How cold the church was! I sat and shivered in my place before I even cared to look at the effect of our decorations. Eleanor's cross was more beautiful than ever this year. Did it make her very happy to live among such beautiful flowers? Would it make Marq happy?

Thinking of him, my eyes wandered to where, upon that happy day a year ago, our wreath had hung. And there, just in the old spot, woven of the old flowers, another wreath was hanging now. The color rushed to my face; a hot light burned in my eyes. Who but Marq himself could have done this? I recognized the flowers I had left in my seat last night; I recognized the taste which had arranged them; and then I forgot all about the cold, and a great joy filled my heart as completely as the triumphant organ-notes now filled the church.

He came in with old Mrs. Gotto on his arm, and behind him walked a stooping, sunburned gentleman, with gray hair and a face lined thickly by something that had gone more deep than care. But I did not trust myself to look at Marq, and when we came out into the church-yard they were gone.

As we lingered round the fire at home I could not help fancying that Marq would come in to us just as he had come that day a year ago. Yet when I really heard the footstep for which I had been waiting so long I did not dare to turn. The children clustered round him, so I was the last whom he greeted.

"Nina, a merry Christmas!"

The words were so gay and yet so earnest that I was ashamed of my own sudden shyness, and tried to answer in the same frank tone.

"I am come, you see, Elsie," he said, taking her on his knee as he sat down among us, "and nobody says how nice it is to see me. I think I will go back again."

"Are you come to live at the Priory now?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"No."

"Who was with you in church to-day, Marq?" asked my father.

"Mr. Duncan, Sir. He is staying with us over to-day; then he takes possession of his own estate."

"What! old Mrs. Duncan's step-son!" we all exclaimed. "Is *he* come back?"

Papa said, quietly, "So I thought."

"Yes, he is come back—from the very farthest corner of the earth, one may say."

"And did *you* bring him back, Marq?" I asked, feeling how proudly I was looking up into his face.

"Yes, Nina; I brought him back, with the aid of many lawful and unlawful means," he said, with the old smile on his lips.

"And—and—the wealth is his now?"

"The wealth has been always his, Nina; but there were some useless forms for me to go through; and those, with our long search and many journeys, have taken up a whole long year. Did you remember Duncan, Sir?" he added, turning to papa. "Did you recognize him?"

"Hardly, Marq. He was nothing more than a handsome, careless lad in those days; now he looks a middle-aged man—one, too, who has passed through a hard and bitter battle with the world, and, I fancy, with himself too."

"I wonder what old Mrs. Duncan would have said if she had known how her will would be slighted," put in Tom, laughing.

"Perhaps," I said, looking into the fire, while the cheek next Marq grew very hot indeed—"perhaps she knew what Marq would do."

"If she knew him well, she may have guessed it," my mother added, gently.

Yet I—thinking I knew Marq so well—never had guessed it! He laughed, giving Elsie a hasty kiss, and depositing her on my lap. "I must go now," he said, "or Mr. Duncan will have exhausted all my grandmother's reminiscences of his ancestry. May I come in for the evening?" Every one answered eagerly except myself; but he smiled at me just as if I had done so.

What a happy day that was! And in the evening, when the fires burned brightest, and the shutters were shut and the curtains drawn, Marq came.

The urn had just been carried into the dining-room, and I was in there alone, making the tea, when I heard him hang his hat and coat in the hall.

We were so many, I thought, that it would not do for me to put in a spoonful of tea for each of us and one for the pot, but I did put in three extra ones for Marq. I lingered, rearranging the flowers on the table, and wondering whether Marq had ever sat down to such a formidable children's tea since he had last been among us. Then it was time to ring the tea-bell.

As I turned to leave the room he met me, coming in with his old smile even more bright and tender than it used to be.

"Nina, this is Christmas-night."

"And tea-time," I added, laughing, as he took my hands in his.

"I said I should come for my answer on Christmas-night."

"You said so, but never came."

"Dearest, do you not understand now why I never came? Could I come until I knew what life I asked you to share with me? Could I offer myself to you a rich man, Nina, when I knew that very soon I should be poor again? *You*, I know, would have understood me if I had told you what I meant to do; but it would have been unfair to you in the eyes of others. If—if there had been no one to claim the wealth, after all, but myself, of course I could honorably have asked you to share it with me; but not—not while I felt I held it only in trust. I was to come for my answer on Christmas-night, Nina, and here I am."

"And, Marq, here I am too."

And then his brave, happy face bent down to mine, and neither of us spoke at first in our full content.

"Nina, what have you thought of me through this year of silence?" asked Marq, presently. "Has it tried your love, my darling?"

I did not answer that, but shyly took my place before the tea-tray.

"Ah, little Nina, it is impossible that you have trusted me just so firmly and entirely as I have trusted you."

I knew I had not—oh, so well I knew it!—and I told him so.

"You saw our wreath, Nina? Did it tell you what I meant it should?"

"Yes, and more, Marq."

"It is very, very good to feel that that waiting time is over," he said, leaning over my chair, while I first looked unmeaningly into the tea-pot, and then asked him if he would please to ring the tea-bell.

"Presently. The tea will be all the better for standing a few minutes longer. Duncan is so anxious to see you, Nina. He says he must always look upon us as his two first and firmest friends, and that the Priory must be always home to us. But, dear, through this long, lonely year I have been working with other aims besides the—relieving of my conscience. I have been working for that home I used to dream of; and now I feel it within my grasp."

"And the roses and the jasmine?" I asked, looking up, and trying to speak easily, though my cheeks were crimson.

He answered me quite differently from what I had expected; and I began to put the sugar into the cups at random.

"Will *you* come with the roses and the jasmine, Nina? Surely then I shall have waited long enough, my dear one!"

"Oh, Marq, do ring the tea-bell!"

For I knew the tea would be undrinkably strong if we waited any longer, and every one would laugh at me for putting in so much extra—just for Marq.

M. THIERS AND M. GUIZOT.

A few weeks ago M. Thiers and his wife paid a visit to M. Guizot at his home in Val-Richer. It must have been a very interesting occasion, this meeting of the President of the French Republic with an old fellow-statesman who, like himself, had served the Citizen King during the short-lived era of constitutional government. Few persons who witnessed the downfall of the monarchy in February, 1848, would have believed a prophet who should have foretold that two men who even then were verging toward old age, and whose parts on the political stage appeared to be entirely played out, would still survive twenty-four years later, and that one of them would then be the chief man in France—a more absolute ruler, indeed, than has appeared since the fall of the Bastile. The elder of the two, M. Guizot, now eighty-five years of age, has, it is true, retired almost entirely from public life, and has devoted the chief part of his working hours to the illustration of the annals of France, in the shape of tales for his grand-children. M. Guizot is a solitary genius, self-concentrated, disdainful, and, having been hurled from power after long serving his country, he devoted himself to the analysis of her past history. The contrast between the two men, as will be seen by reference to their pictures on our first page, is striking. M. Guizot is gaunt, grave, almost unconsciously pompous, chilled by long solitude, "hoarse from long silence," as Dante expresses it; while M. Thiers exhibits a diminutive, quick, mercurial frame, an ardent, sanguine mind, drowning thought in action, and working on with a vague consciousness that all will ultimately come right for France. A conversation between two men with so much in common between them in the hostile past, and so earnest and yet dissimilar an interest in the present and future, could not have been without a great charm, independently of their high intellectual gifts; and many persons would rather have been present at this remarkable interview than have taken tea with the three emperors at Berlin.

Concerning this interview a French journalist of Legitimist opinions writes thus: "The two Irreconcilables of Louis Philippe's time were made friends again by the revolution of 1848, which by a single stroke reduced to nothingness all the schemes of these two statesmen. Children and bondsmen, in different degrees, of the revolution, the same revolutionary wave hurled them high and dry on the same beach. Years passed before the two ancient adversaries could agree to meet and shake hands. At length, during the latter days of the empire, M. Guizot came from Val-Richer to visit M. Thiers at Trouville; and since that time the intercourse has been pretty constantly kept up. It is doubtful whether these two men, in spite of their intellectual attainments, understand either the cause of, or the remedy for, the recent disasters of France. Since 1830 Messrs. Guizot and Thiers have only succeeded in destroying; they have founded nothing of a lasting character. Both were artificers of the revolution of 1830, the main source of all our sufferings. And now we see M. Thiers, formerly the implacable opponent of personal government, himself become the most personal governor whom France has seen since the days of Napoleon I." The writer goes on to remark that all the most gifted men of this century, such as Lamennais, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, have betrayed the interests of France; and M. Thiers is reckoned among this number because he has substituted his own personal authority for that of the Assembly. Having during the course of a long life already destroyed two monarchies, he hinders the re-establishment of the only government which has really advantaged France, and he hankers after a republic which has no genuine supporters except the foes of all social order. Such is the jeremiad of one of those who believe that nothing will be well until the king (Henry V.) shall enjoy his own again.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

One of the most important results, so far, of Professor Hayden's explorations during the past summer has been the discovery of the existence of practicable passes for wagon-roads or railroads through what has hitherto been considered an impenetrable portion of the Rocky Mountain range. This was accomplished by the division under the charge of Captain Stevenson, which left Ogden on the 1st of July, and having surveyed a route as far as Fort Hall, in Idaho, passed to the west side of Snake River Valley, afterward surveying the Teton range, and ascending the highest of the three summits (as already announced in our pages). Moving next up the valley of Henry's Fork, the party entered the Madison Valley, through the Targee Pass, and reached the Geyser Basin of the Madison on the 14th of August.

The passes referred to were found at the head of Henry's Fork, and are four in number, representing the four points of the compass, and are all within a few miles of each other, Henry's Lake being in the centre. The Targee or East pass is about 6500 feet elevation, and forms one of the gateways to the Madison Valley. Henry's or the South pass is about 6000 feet, and opens into the Snake Valley. Red Rock or West pass is about 6300 feet, and connects the great valley of the Jefferson branch; while the Madison or North pass opens into the lower Madison. According to Dr. Hayden, all these passes are so smooth and low that one may ride over them in a carrige at full speed. There is probably no other point on the American continent where we have within the area of a few miles four so remarkable gaps, linking the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific. There is not the slightest obstruction to a railroad over or through any of them.

The Three Tetons were found to be at least thirty miles out of place, as heretofore presented on our best maps, and to be actually within the limits of Wyoming Territory, instead of Idaho. The party under Captain Stevenson made its way down the east side of the Snake River Valley, and expected to reach Fort Hall about the 15th of October. It was then to survey a parallel belt back to Salt Lake City. The party under charge of Dr. Hayden intended to complete the survey of the Madison River and its branches, and then to follow the Gallatin and its branches to their sources; thence to pass over the mountains into the valley of the Yellow Stone, down to the snowy range, to the mouth of Shields River, then to the Three Forks of the Missouri, and down that river to Helena, where its labors were expected to close about the 1st of November.

It has been a favorite hypothesis with many writers (conspicuous among them M. Espy) that large fires produce rain, and it has even been proposed in times of drought to burn a large quantity of wood or forest land with the object of securing a precipitation of moisture. The same view is held in New Zealand, according to Mr. Potts, who writes to *Nature* on the subject, this gentleman stating that it is believed that a great bush fire is always followed by rain. Mr. Potts remarks that during the dry weather of their recent summer, while the whole country was parched with drought, the heavy bush fires on the hill-sides in quite a number of cases were followed or accompanied by showers. Their rainy quarter, he says, is the southwest, with a low temperature, and he remarks that the showers that appeared accompanying bush fires were equally local. He states also that the gradual formation of cumulus clouds above dense volumes of smoke has frequently been noticed in New Zealand; and a similar statement has been made by writers in regard to great fires from burning forests in North America.

The publication is contemplated of an important work on American natural history, and we trust its appearance will not be long delayed. We refer to the investigation of the Cetaceans of the western coast of North America by Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States Revenue Marine. This gentleman has for many years been directing his attention to the subject, and has collected a large amount of material in reference to the various species of whales and porpoises of the western coast, together with their zoological peculiarities and their habits.

In the extreme difficulty of securing reliable information in regard to these animals, the work of Captain Scammon will be welcomed by every one, especially as it will contain details of much practical importance to whalers relating to the distribution of the species. An interesting feature of the work will consist of a series of views showing the appearance of the different species when swimming in the water, thus enabling them to be recognized without difficulty. Careful drawings of the external forms of the animals will also accompany the work, which will embrace a full account of the whale fishery as at present prosecuted in different parts of the globe, whether by civilized or savage men; and the statistics of production in different years and in different regions will be of great value.

The book will be printed in San Francisco by the publishers of the *Overland Monthly*, and the illustrations lithographed by Britton & Rey. It will be published by subscription, and but a limited number of copies issued.

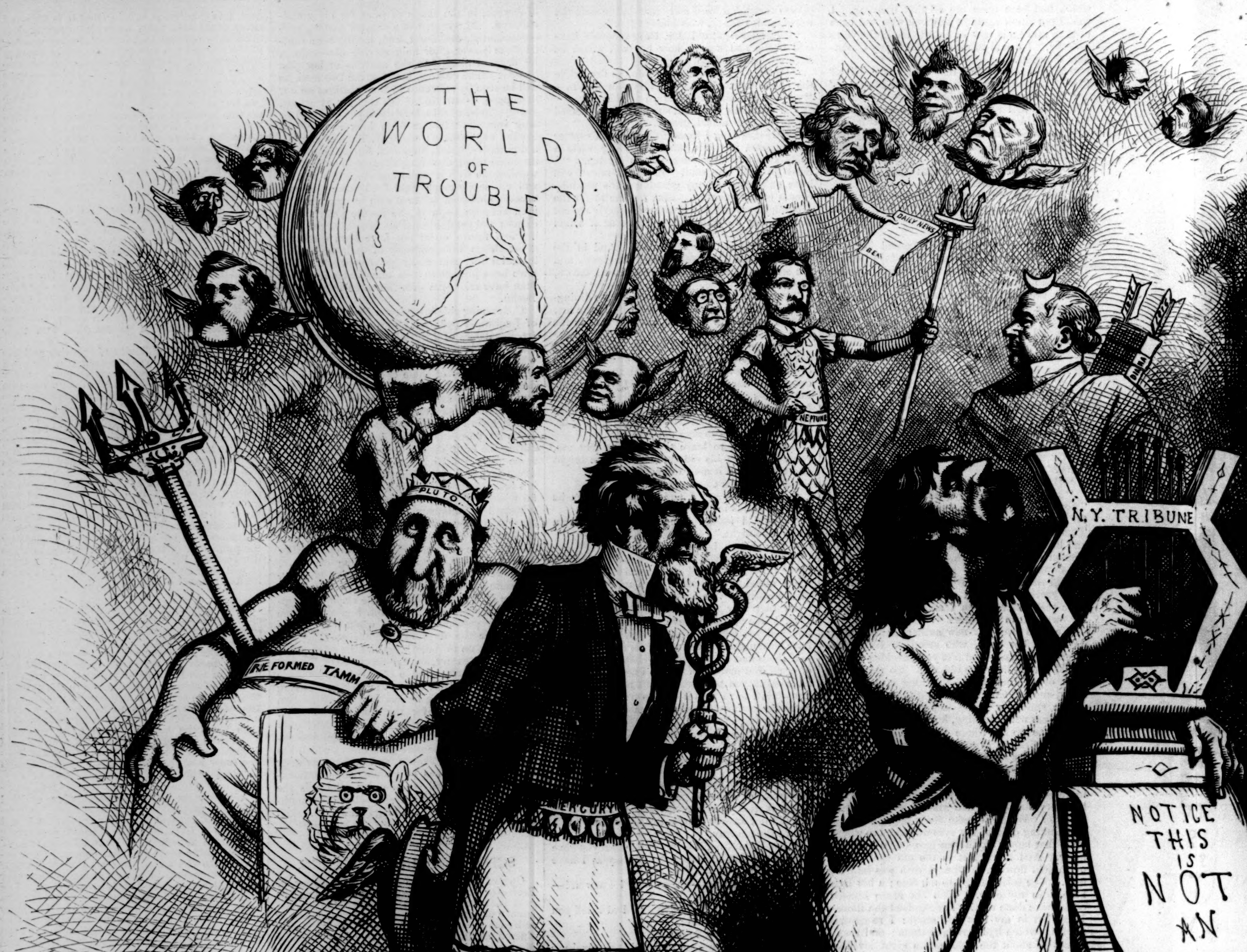
The Congress of Prehistoric Archæology, which closed at Brussels on the 30th of August, had specially as its object the discussion of subjects connected with archæology and the prehistory of Belgium; and the principal results reached by the discussion are stated to be that the elements of the prehistoric populations, even of the age of stone, are discernible in the present people; also that even in the most remote ages the migration of races took place on a scale much more extensive, and with more frequency, than has been believed until quite recently. The next meeting of the congress is to be held at Stockholm in 1874, and Prince Oscar of Sweden (now king) was nominated by acclamation for the presidency.

A very remarkable communication, entitled "The Sea-Serpent in a Highland Loch," is published in *Land and Water* for September 7, and contains a circumstantial account, apparently considered veracious, by Frank Buckland, of a remarkable beast in Loch Hourn. This, according to the article, was seen by the writer on two occasions in August, when the weather was still and hot, and the sea like glass. The animal resembled a serpent, and its length was estimated at about ninety-six feet. The body was thrown in a succession of undulations or curves, eight in number, in addition to the head and neck. The motion of the animal was caused by the undulation of these curves, and was extremely rapid; in fact, it made a hissing rush through the water quite audible from the vessel of the observer, the sea being quite still, and no wind blowing.

The party observing the animal was in a sail-boat, and at one time within one hundred yards, at which distance, by means of opera-glasses, it could be seen very distinctly. When nearest, the sea could be plainly noticed running off its neck and the back of its head as it does from a low flat rock which has been submerged by the waves. The curves into which it threw itself were supposed to be for the purpose of exposing as much of the body as possible to the air, as when moving rapidly it appeared to be perfectly straight. Some of the party thought that the tumult of water about the neck was caused by a lashing motion, as of a mane, but nothing of this kind was clearly distinguished. The head appeared flat, and the observers could see distinctly under the chin. Some thought they could distinguish a back fin sticking up, but of this they were not certain. In the distance the color was black.

The writer calls attention to the close resemblance of this animal in its general character to the sea-serpent so frequently reported as existing in the Norwegian fiords, and states that the resemblance heretofore noticed to a string of barrels, one after the other, was very striking. The idea of this being a school of porpoises was considered entirely absurd, as the water was perfectly clear, and the undulations were occasionally quite fixed for some seconds. The elongated head and neck were always manifest. Occasionally the greater part of the body would sink below the surface, leaving the head and neck exposed.

Mr. Buckland, in commenting upon this communication, refers to various drawings, figures, and descriptions of early writers as being corroborated in every respect by the account just given; and he thinks that the coasts of Norway and of Northern Scotland are certainly inhabited by living creatures which, for the want of a better name, may be called great sea-snakes. The theory of the animal being a string of porpoises or a basking-shark he considers to be entirely inadmissible. He thinks it may possibly be a *Gymnetrus*—a large, slender fish, shaped like a sword-blade, sometimes attaining a length of fifteen feet; but the difficulty in this comparison would be that the undulations of this latter fish would be from side to side, and not in a vertical direction. The conger, too, when swimming, would move its body in horizontal curves. Flat fish, however, have a motion in the vertical plane, and it is therefore suggested that this may be a ground fish of some sort which occasionally comes to the surface.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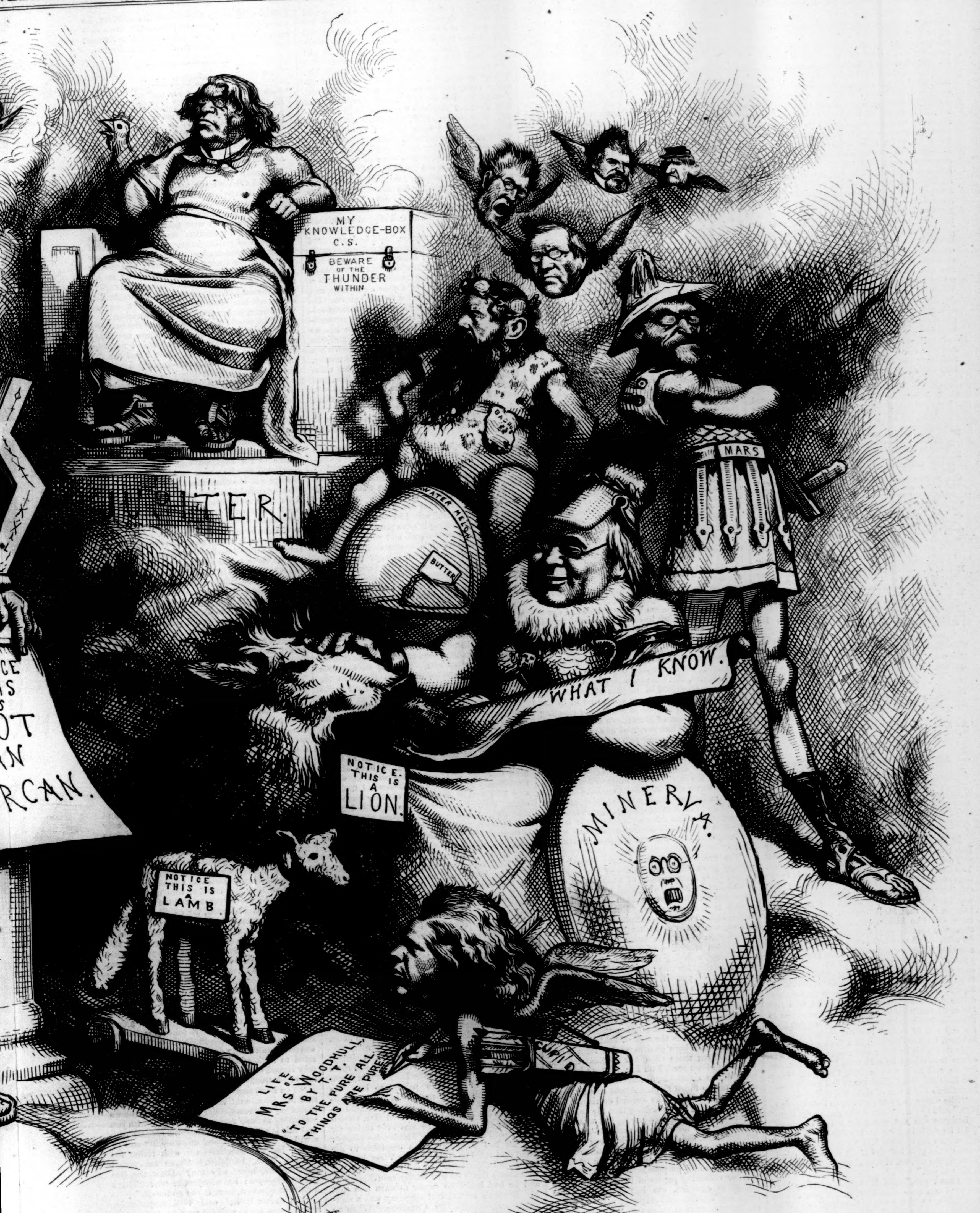
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THE GODS.—[See Page 898.]

APOLLO AMUSING THE GODS.

A SHORT time ago Apollo, on an excursion to the New World, alighted, as luck would have it, in New York city, directly in front of Tammany Hall, at the moment when a Liberal mass-meeting was convened there, and a torch-light procession was passing through the street. His first thought was that the good people here, getting wind of his coming, had prepared a grand ovation in his honor; but he soon perceived that a very different person was the object of all the furor. Determined, however, to see what it was all about, he entered the hall with the rest, and, pretending to be a newspaper reporter, took a front seat: he also took copious notes. He seemed to be very much amused with what he saw and heard, and on leaving the hall was heard to say to himself, "Splendid material for an Olympian Opera Bouffe! If I don't kindle some of that inextinguishable laughter, then my name's not—" The rest of the sentence was lost; perhaps it was never finished; for just at that moment Apollo heard some one say, "There's NAST!" at the same time pointing him out to a by-stander. "Just the man I was looking for!" exclaimed the god; "I'll take him along to make a sketch of the Grand Transformation Scene at the end of my Comic Opera!" With that he seized him by the collar, and was up and away. What became of them no one knows; but that Apollo made a great success of his Comic Opera, and that the artist was on hand to sketch the grand closing scene, must be evident to every one who looks at our double-page cartoon this week.

It will be seen that the Olympians appeared in assumed rôles; but we give their proper names, and leave the reader to pick out the characters they represented from the following list of

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

CH. S. JUPITER, or "the Thunderer." He appeared seated on a throne, a box of thunder-bolts under his right hand, and an eagle standing by him. When he spoke the whole senate of the gods was expected to tremble.

H. G. MINERVA, Goddess of Wisdom. Very much addicted to telling what She Knows About Every Thing in heaven and earth.

M. MBLE. ATLAS, bearing the World on his shoulders: a very troublesome burden, apt to turn and shift about.

GRZ. B. BACCHUS, God of Wine. Generally represented with a wreath of soft-shell crabs about his brow and riding on a buttered water-melon.

J. G. B. NEPTUNE, God of the Sea, and Commander of the Olympian yacht fleet.

CL. SCHZ. MARS, God of War. Exceedingly boastful and vain-glorious.

S. P. C. DIANA, Goddess of Chastity.

W. M. T. PLUTO, God of the Infernal Regions. Armed with a three-pronged sceptre. His helmet had the power of making the wearer invisible when he wished to keep shady.

R. E. F. MERCURY, son of Jupiter and Maia. Soon after his birth he escaped from his cradle, and stole several of Apollo's cattle, but escaped by a smart trick.

T. T. CUPID, one of the youngest of the Olympians. Mischievous, wanton, and not above suspicion of gallantry among the fair.

W. R. APOLLO, God of Music, Poetry, and Fable. He always preferred the lyre to the organ.

The reader will perceive that this was only an Olympian adaptation of the Liberal Farce first produced at Cincinnati last May, and taken off the stage November 5.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND.

CHAPTER L.—(*Continued.*)

IT seemed a long while—she did not know how long—before she heard Celia saying, "That will do, nurse; he will be quiet on my lap now. You can go to lunch, and let Garratt stay in the next room." "What I think, Dodo," Celia went on, observing nothing more than that Dorothea was leaning back in her chair, and likely to be passive, "is that Mr. Casaubon was spiteful. I never did like him, and James never did. I think the corners of his mouth were dreadfully spiteful. And now he has behaved in this way, I am sure religion does not require you to make yourself uncomfortable about him. If he has been taken away, that is a mercy, and you ought to be grateful. *We* should not grieve, should we, baby?" said Celia, confidentially, to that unconscious centre and poise of the world, who had the most remarkable fists, all complete even to the nails, and hair enough, really, when you took his cap off, to make—you didn't know what: in short, he was Bouddha in a Western form.

At this crisis Lydgate was announced, and one of the first things he said was, "I fear you are not so well as you were, Mrs. Casaubon: have you been agitated? allow me to feel your pulse." Dorothea's hand was of a marble coldness.

"She wants to go to Lowick, to look over papers," said Celia. "She ought not, ought she?"

Lydgate did not speak for a few moments. Then he said, looking at Dorothea, "I hardly know. In my opinion Mrs. Casaubon should do what would give her the most repose of mind. That repose will not always come from being forbidden to act."

"Thank you," said Dorothea, exerting herself; "I am sure that is wise. There are so many things which I ought to attend to. Why should I sit here idle?" Then, with an effort to recall subjects not connected with her agitation, she added, abruptly: "You know every one in Middlemarch, I think, Mr. Lydgate. I shall ask you to tell me a great deal. I have serious things to do now. I have a living to give away. You know Mr. Tyke and all the—" But Dorothea's effort was too much for her; she broke off and burst into sobs.

Lydgate made her drink a dose of sal volatile.

"Let Mrs. Casaubon do as she likes," he said to Sir James, whom he asked to see before quitting the house. "She wants perfect freedom, I think, more than any other prescription."

His attendance on Dorothea while her brain was excited had enabled him to form some true conclusions concerning the trials of her life. He felt sure that she had been suffering from the strain and conflict of self-repression; and that she was likely now to feel herself only in another sort of pinfold than that from which she had been released.

Lydgate's advice was all the easier for Sir James to follow when he found that Celia had already told Dorothea the unpleasant fact about the will. There was no help for it now—no reason for any further delay in the execution of necessary business. And the next day Sir James complied at once with her request that he would drive her to Lowick.

"I have no wish to stay there at present," said Dorothea; "I could hardly bear it. I am much happier at Freshitt with Celia. I shall be able to think better about what should be done at Lowick by looking at it from a distance. And I should like to be at the Grange a little while with my uncle, and go about in all the old walks and among the people in the village."

"Not yet, I think. Your uncle is having political company, and you are better out of the way of such doings," said Sir James, who at that moment thought of the Grange chiefly as a haunt of young Ladislaw's. But no word passed between him and Dorothea about the objectionable part of the will; indeed, both of them felt that the mention of it between them would be impossible. Sir James was shy, even with men, about disagreeable subjects; and the one thing that Dorothea would have chosen to say, if she had spoken on the matter at all, was forbidden to her at present because it seemed to be a further exposure of her husband's injustice. Yet she did wish that Sir James could know what had passed between her and her husband about Will Ladislaw's moral claim on the property: it would then, she thought, be apparent to him as it was to her that her husband's strange indelicate proviso had been chiefly urged by his bitter resistance to that idea of claim, and not merely by personal feelings more difficult to talk about. Also, it must be admitted, Dorothea wished that this could be known for Will's sake, since her friends seemed to think of him as simply an object of Mr. Casaubon's charity. Why should he be compared with an Italian carrying white mice? That word quoted from Mrs. Cadwallader seemed like a mocking travesty wrought in the dark by an impish finger.

At Lowick Dorothea searched desk and drawer—searched all her husband's places of deposit for private writing—but found no paper addressed especially to her except that "Synoptical Tabulation," which was probably only the beginning of many intended directions for her guidance. In carrying out this bequest of labor to Dorothea, as in all else, Mr. Casaubon had been slow and hesitating, oppressed in the plan of transmitting his work, as he had been in executing it, by the sense of moving heavily in a dim and clogging medium: distrust of Dorothea's competence to arrange what he had prepared was subdued only by distrust of any other redactor. But he had come at last to create a trust for himself out of Dorothea's nature; she could do what she resolved to do; and he willingly imagined her toiling under the fetters of a promise to erect a tomb with his name upon it. (Not that Mr. Casaubon called the future volumes a tomb; he called them the "Key to all Mythologies.") But the months gained on him and left his plans belated: he had only had time to ask for that promise by which he sought to keep his cold grasp on Dorothea's life.

The grasp had slipped away. Bound by a pledge given from the depths of her pity, she would have been capable of undertaking a toil which her judgment whispered was vain for all uses except that consecration of faithfulness which is a supreme use. But now her judgment, instead of being controlled by duteous devotion, was made active by the imbittering discovery that in her past union there had lurked the hidden alienation of secrecy and suspicion. The living, suffering man was no longer before her to awaken her pity: there remained only the retrospect of painful subjection to a husband whose thoughts had been lower than she had believed, whose exorbitant claims for himself had even blinded his scrupulous care for his own character, and made him defeat his own pride by shocking men of ordinary honor. As for the property which was the sign of that broken tie, she would have been glad to be free from it and have nothing more than her original fortune which had been settled on her, if there had not been duties attached to ownership, which she ought not to flinch from. About this property many troublous questions insisted on rising: had she not been right in thinking that the half of it ought to go to Will Ladislaw? But was it not impossible now for her to do that act of justice? Mr. Casaubon had taken a cruelly effective means of hindering her: even with indignation against him in her heart, any act that seemed a triumphant eluding of his purpose revolted her.

After collecting papers of business which she wished to examine, she locked up again the desks and drawers—all empty of personal words for her—empty of any sign that in her husband's lonely brooding his heart had gone out to her in excuse or explanation; and she went back to Freshitt with the sense that around his last hard demand and his last injurious assertion of his power the silence was unbroken.

Dorothea tried now to turn her thoughts toward immediate duties, and one of these was of a kind which others were determined to remind her of. Lydgate's ear had caught eagerly her mention of the living, and as soon as he could he reopened the subject, seeing here a possibility of making amends for the casting-vote he had once given with an ill-satisfied conscience.

"Instead of telling you any thing about Mr. Tyke," he said, "I should like to speak of another man, Mr. Farebrother, the Vicar of St. Botolph's. His living is a poor one, and gives him a stinted provision for himself and his family. His mother, aunt, and sister all live with him, and depend upon him. I believe he has never married because of them. I never heard such good preaching as his—such plain, easy eloquence. He would have done to preach at St. Paul's Cross after old Latimer. His talk is just as good about all subjects: original, simple, clear. I think him a remarkable fellow: he ought to have done more than he has done."

"Why has he not done more?" said Dorothea, interested now in all who had slipped below their own intention.

"That's a hard question," said Lydgate. "I find myself that it's uncommonly difficult to make the right thing work: there are so many strings pulling at once. Farebrother often hints that he has got into the wrong profession; he wants a wider range than that of a poor clergyman, and I suppose he has no interest to help him on. He is very fond of Natural History and various scientific matters, and he is hampered in reconciling these tastes with his position. He has no money to spare—hardly enough to use; and that has led him into card-playing—Middlemarch is a great place for whist. He does play for money, and he wins a good deal. Of course that takes him into company a little beneath him, and makes him slack about some things; and yet, with all that, looking at him as a whole, I think he is one of the most blameless men I ever knew. He has neither venom nor doubleness in him, and those often go with a more correct outside."

"I wonder whether he suffers in his conscience because of that habit," said Dorothea; "I wonder whether he wishes he could leave it off?"

"I have no doubt he would leave it off if he were transplanted into plenty: he would be glad of the time for other things."

"My uncle says that Mr. Tyke is spoken of as an apostolic man," said Dorothea, meditatively. She was wishing it were possible to restore the times of primitive zeal, and yet thinking of Mr. Farebrother with a strong desire to rescue him from his chance-gotten money.

"I don't pretend to say that Farebrother is apostolic," said Lydgate. "His position is not quite like that of the Apostles: he is only a parson among parishioners whose lives he has to try and make better. Practically I find that what is called being apostolic now is an impatience of every thing in which the parson doesn't cut the principal figure. I see something of that in Mr. Tyke at the Hospital: a good deal of his doctrine is a sort of pinching hard to make people uncomfortably aware of him. Besides, an apostolic man at Lowick!—he ought to think, as St. Francis did, that it is needful to preach to the birds."

"True," said Dorothea. "It is hard to imagine what sort of notions our farmers and laborers get from their teaching. I have been looking into a volume of sermons by Mr. Tyke: such sermons would be of no use at Lowick—I mean, about imputed righteousness and the prophecies in the Apocalypse. I have always been thinking of the different ways in which Christianity is taught, and whenever I find one way that makes it a wider blessing than any other, I cling to that as the truest—I mean that which takes in the most good of all kinds, and brings in the most people as sharers in it. It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much. But I should like to see Mr. Farebrother and hear him preach."

"Do," said Lydgate; "I trust to the effect of that. He is very much beloved, but he has his enemies too: there are always people who can't forgive an able man for differing from them. And that money-winning business is really a blot. You don't, of course, see many Middlemarch people: but Mr. Ladislaw, who is constantly seeing Mr. Brooke, is a great friend of Mr. Farebrother's old ladies, and would be glad to sing the Vicar's praises. One of the old ladies—Miss Noble, the aunt—is a wonderfully quaint picture of self-forgetful goodness, and Ladislaw gallants her about sometimes. I met them one day in a back street: you know Ladislaw's look—a sort of Daphnis in coat and waistcoat; and this little old maid reaching up to his arm—they looked like a couple dropped out of a romantic comedy. But the best evidence about Farebrother is to see him and hear him."

Happily Dorothea was in her private sitting-room when this conversation occurred, and there was no one present to make Lydgate's innocent introduction of Ladislaw painful to her. As was usual with him in matters of personal gossip, Lydgate had quite forgotten Rosamond's remark that she thought Will adored Mrs. Casaubon. At that moment he was only caring for what would recommend the Farebrother family; and he had purposely given emphasis to the worst that could be said about the Vicar, in order to forestall objections. In the weeks since Mr. Casaubon's death he had hardly seen Ladislaw, and he had heard no rumor to warn him that Mr. Brooke's confidential secretary was a dangerous subject with Mrs. Casaubon. When he was gone his picture of Ladislaw lingered in her mind and disputed the ground with that question of the Lowick living. What was Will Ladislaw thinking about her? Would he hear of that fact which made her cheeks burn as they never used to do? And how would he feel when he heard it? But she could see as well as possible how he smiled down at the little old maid. An Italian with white mice!—on the contrary, he was a creature who entered into every one's feelings, and could take the pressure of their thought instead of urging his own with iron resistance.

CHAPTER LI.

"Party is Nature too, and you shall see
By force of Logic how they both agree:
The Many in the One, the One in Many;
All is not Some, nor Some the same as Any:
Genus holds species, both are great or small;
One genus highest, one not high at all;
Each species has its differentia too:
This is not That, and He was never You,
Though this and that are AYES, and you and he
Are like as one to one, or three to three."

No gossip about Mr. Casaubon's will had yet reached Ladislaw: the air seemed to be filled with the dissolution of Parliament and the coming election, as the old wakes and fairs were filled with the rival clatter of itinerant shows, and more private noises were taken little notice of. The famous "dry election" was at hand, in which the depths of public feeling might be measured by the low flood-mark of drink. Will Ladislaw was one of the busiest at this time; and though Dorothea's widowhood was continually in his thought, he was so far from wishing to be spoken to on the subject that when Lydgate sought him out to tell him what had passed about the Lowick living, he answered, rather waspishly,

"Why should you bring me into the matter? I never see Mrs. Casaubon, and am not likely to see her, since she is at Freshitt. I never go there. It is Tory ground, where I and the *Pioneer* are no more welcome than a poacher and his gun."

The fact was that Will had been made the more susceptible by observing that Mr. Brooke, instead of wishing him, as before, to come to the Grange oftener than was quite agreeable to himself, seemed now to contrive that he should go there as little as possible. This was a shuffling concession of Mr. Brooke's to Sir James Chettam's indignant remonstrance; and Will, awake to the slightest hint in this direction, concluded that he was to be kept away from the Grange on Dorothea's account. Her friends, then, regarded him with some suspicion? Their fears were quite superfluous: they were very much mistaken if they imagined that he would put himself forward as a needy adventurer trying to win the favor of a rich woman.

Until now Will had never fully seen the chasm between himself and Dorothea—until now that he was come to the brink of it, and saw her on the other side. He began, not without some inward rage, to think of going away from the neighborhood: it would be impossible for him to show any further interest in Dorothea without subjecting himself to disagreeable imputations—perhaps even in her mind, which others might try to poison.

"We are forever divided," said Will. "I might as well be at Rome; she would be no farther from me." But what we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope. There were plenty of reasons why he should not go—public reasons why he should not quit his post at this crisis, leaving Mr. Brooke in the lurch when he needed "coaching" for the election, and when there was so much canvassing, direct and indirect, to be carried on. Will could not like to leave his own chess-men in the heat of a game; and any candidate on the right side, even if his brain and marrow had been as soft as was consistent with a gentlemanly bearing, might help to turn a majority. To coach Mr. Brooke, and keep him steadily to the idea that he must pledge himself to vote for the actual Reform Bill, instead of insisting on his independence and power of pulling up in time, was not an easy task. Mr. Farebrother's prophecy of a fourth candidate "in the bag" had not yet been fulfilled, neither the Parliamentary Candidate Society nor any other power on the watch to secure a reforming majority seeing a worthy nodus for interference while there was a second reforming candidate like Mr. Brooke, who might be returned at his own expense; and the fight lay entirely between Pinkerton, the old Tory member, Bagster, the new Whig member returned at the last election, and Brooke, the future independent member, who was to fetter himself for this occasion only. Mr. Hawley and his party would bend all their forces to the return of Pinkerton, and Mr. Brooke's success must depend either on plumpers which would leave Bagster in the rear, or on the new minting of Tory votes into reforming votes. The latter means, of course, would be preferable.

This prospect of converting votes was a dangerous distraction to Mr. Brooke: his impression that waverers were likely to be allured by wavering statements, and also the liability of his mind to stick afresh at opposing arguments as they turned up in his memory, gave Will Ladislaw much trouble.

"You know there are tactics in these things," said Mr. Brooke; "meeting people half-way—tempering your ideas—saying, 'Well, now, there's something in that,' and so on. I agree with you that this is a peculiar occasion—the country with a will of its own—political unions—that sort of thing; but we sometimes cut with rather too sharp a knife, Ladislaw. These ten-pound householders, now: why ten? Draw the line somewhere—yes: but why just at ten? That's a difficult question, now, if you go into it."

"Of course it is," said Will, impatiently. "But if you are to wait till we get a logical bill, you must put yourself forward as a revolutionist, and then Middlemarch would not elect you, I fancy. As for trimming, this is not a time for trimming."

Mr. Brooke always ended by agreeing with Ladislaw, who still appeared to him a sort of Burke with a leaven of Shelley; but after an interval the wisdom of his own methods reasserted itself, and he was again drawn into using them with much hopefulness. At this stage of affairs he was in excellent spirits, which even supported him under large advances of money; for his powers of convincing and persuading had not yet been tested by any thing more difficult than a chairman's speech introducing other orators, or a dialogue with a Middlemarch voter, from which he came away with a sense that he was a tactician by nature, and that it was a pity he had not gone earlier into this kind of thing. He was a little conscious of defeat, however, with Mr. Mawmsey, a chief representative in Middlemarch of that great social power, the retail trader, and naturally one of the most doubtful voters in the town—willing for his own part to supply an equal quality of teas and sugars to reformer and anti-reformer, as well as to agree impartially with both, and feeling like the burgesses of old that this necessity of electing members was a great burden to a town; for even if there were no danger in holding out hopes to all parties beforehand, there would be the painful necessity at last of disappointing respectable people whose names were on his books. He was accustomed to receive large orders from Mr. Brooke of Tipton; but then there were many of Pinkerton's committee whose opinions had a great weight of grocery on their side. Mr. Mawmsey thinking that Mr. Brooke, as not too "clever in his intellects," was the more likely to forgive a grocer who gave a hostile vote under pressure, had become confidential in his back parlor.

"As to Reform, Sir, put it in a family light," he said, rattling the small silver in his pocket, and smiling affably. "Will it support Mrs. Mawmsey, and enable her to bring up six children when I am no more? I put the question *fictiously*, knowing what must be the answer. Very well, Sir. I ask you what, as a husband and a father, I am to do when gentlemen come to me and say, 'Do as you like, Mawmsey, but if you vote against us, I shall get my groceries elsewhere: when I sugar my liquor I like to feel that I am benefiting the country by maintaining tradesmen of the right color.' Those very words have been spoken to me, Sir, in the very chair where you are now sitting. I don't mean by your honorable self, Mr. Brooke."

"No, no, no—that's narrow, you know. Until my butler complains to me of your goods, Mr. Mawmsey," said Mr. Brooke, soothingly, "until I hear that you send bad sugars, spices—that sort of thing—I shall never order him to go elsewhere."

"Sir, I am your humble servant, and greatly obliged," said Mr. Mawmsey, feeling that politics were clearing up a little. "There would be some pleasure in voting for a gentleman who speaks in that honorable manner."

"Well, you know, Mr. Mawmsey, you would find it the right thing to put yourself on our side. This reform will touch every body by-and-by—a thoroughly popular measure—a sort of A, B, C, you know, that must come first before the rest can follow. I quite agree with you that you've got to look at the thing in a family light: but public spirit, now. We're all one family, you know—it's all one cupboard. Such a thing as a vote, now: why, it may help to make men's fortunes at the Cape—there's no knowing what may be the effect of a vote," Mr. Brooke ended, with a sense of being a little out at sea, though finding it still enjoyable. But Mr. Mawmsey answered in a tone of decisive check.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I can't afford that. When I give a vote I must know what I'm doing; I must look to what will be the effects on my till and ledger, speaking respectfully. Prices, I'll admit, are what nobody can know the merits of; and the sudden falls after you've bought in currants, which are a goods that will not keep—I've never myself seen into the ins and outs there; which is a rebuke to human pride. But as to one family, there's debtor and creditor, I hope; they're not going to reform that away; else I should vote for things staying as they are. Few men have less need to cry for change than I have, personally speaking—that is, for self and family. I am not one of those who have nothing to lose: I mean as to respectability both in parish and private business, and noways in respect of your honorable self and custom, which you was good enough to say you would not withdraw from me, vote or no vote, while the article sent in was satisfactory."

After this conversation Mr. Mawmsey went up and boasted to his wife that he had been rather too many for Brooke of Tipton, and that he didn't mind so much now about going to the poll.

Mr. Brooke on this occasion abstained from boasting of his tactics to Ladislaw, who for his part was glad enough to persuade himself that he had no concern with any canvassing except the purely argumentative sort, and that he worked no meaner engine than knowledge. Mr. Brooke, necessarily, had his agents, who understood the nature of the Middlemarch voter and the means of enlisting his ignorance on the side of the Bill—which were remarkably similar to the means of enlisting it on the side against the Bill. Will stopped his ears. Occasionally Parliament, like the rest of our lives, even to our eating and apparel, could hardly go on if our imaginations were too active about processes. There were plenty of dirty-handed men in the world to do dirty business; and Will protested to himself that his share in bringing Mr. Brooke through would be quite innocent.

But whether he should succeed in that mode of contributing to the majority on the right side was very doubtful to him. He had written out various speeches and memoranda for speeches, but he had begun to perceive that Mr. Brooke's mind, if it had the burden of remembering any train of thought, would let it drop, run away in search of it, and not easily come back again. To collect documents is one mode of serving your country, and to remember the contents of a document is another. No! the only way in which Mr. Brooke could be coerced into thinking of the right arguments at the right time was to be well plied with them till they took up all the room in his brain. But here there was the difficulty of finding room, so many things having been taken in beforehand. Mr. Brooke himself observed that his ideas stood rather in his way when he was speaking.

However, Ladislaw's coaching was forthwith to be put to the test, for before the day of nomination Mr. Brooke was to explain himself to the worthy electors of Middlemarch from the balcony of the White Hart, which looked out advantageously at an angle of the market-place, commanding a large area in front and two converging streets. It was a fine May morning, and every thing seemed hopeful: there was some prospect of an understanding between Bagster's committee and Brooke's, to which Mr. Bulstrode, Mr. Standish as a Liberal lawyer, and such manufacturers as Mr. Plymdale and Mr. Vincy, gave a solidity which almost counterbalanced Mr. Hawley and his associates who sat for Pinkerton at the Green Dragon. Mr. Brooke, conscious of having weakened the blasts of the *Trumpet* against him by his reforms as a landlord in the last half year, and hearing himself cheered a little as he drove into the town, felt his heart tolerably light under his buff-colored waistcoat. But with regard to critical occasions, it often happens that all moments seem comfortably remote until the last.

"This looks well, eh?" said Mr. Brooke as the crowd gathered. "I shall have a good audience, at any rate. I like this, now—this kind of public made up of one's own neighbors, you know!"

The weavers and tanners of Middlemarch, unlike Mr. Mawmsey, had never thought of Mr. Brooke as a neighbor, and were not more attached to him than if he had been sent in a box from London. But they listened without much disturbance to the speakers who introduced the candidate, though one of them—a political personage from Brassing, who came to tell Middlemarch its duty—spoke so fully that it was alarming to think what the candidate could find to say after him. Meanwhile the crowd became denser, and as the political personage neared the end of his speech Mr. Brooke felt a remarkable change in his sensations, while he still handled his eyeglass, trifled with documents before him, and exchanged remarks with his committee, as a man to whom the moment of summons was indifferent.

"I'll take another glass of sherry, Ladislaw," he said, with an easy air, to Will, who was close behind him, and presently handed him the supposed fortifier. It was ill chosen; for Mr. Brooke was an abstemious man, and to drink a second glass of sherry quickly at no great interval from the first was a surprise to his system which tended to scatter his energies instead of collecting them.. Pray pity him: so many English gentlemen make themselves miserable by speechifying on entirely private grounds! whereas Mr. Brooke wished to serve his country by standing for Parliament—which, indeed, may also be done on private grounds, but being once undertaken, does absolutely demand some speechifying.

It was not about the beginning of his speech that Mr. Brooke was at all anxious: this, he felt sure, would be all right; he should have it quite pat, cut out as neatly as a set of couplets from Pope. Embarking would be easy, but the vision of open sea that might come after was alarming. "And questions, now," hinted the demon just waking up in his stomach, "somebody may put questions about the schedules.—Ladislaw," he continued, aloud, "just hand me the memorandum of the schedules."

THE HORSE PLAGUE.

WE give on page 900 a series of illustrations showing the straits and expedients to which the community has been temporarily reduced by the terrible plague which has fallen upon man's most valuable servant of all the brute creation. This fearful epidemic, known as the "hippozymosis," "epizoötic distemper," "hippolaryngitis," and a dozen more equally outlandish names, first invaded the State some weeks ago from Canada, across the Niagara River, and swept over the country with alarming rapidity. In city after city business came almost to a stand-still in consequence of all the horses falling sick; and had the plague proved fatal, or had it continued longer, the effects would have been disastrous beyond computation. Happily a large majority of the horses attacked recovered in the course of a week or ten days, and the plague rarely continued longer than that space of time in any locality.

Its effects upon the business of New York and the aspect of the streets were very striking. Within two or three days after its first appearance in this city the streets presented an almost deserted appearance. Horse-car and stage travel was almost suspended. In Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and other great thoroughfares of trade and fashion, the diminution in the number of vehicles was very noticeable; while along the wharves and piers, where the carts and trucks are wont to form a veritable pandemonium, there reigned an almost solemn stillness. Here and there great piles of merchandise had been massed, and men were dragging up through narrow gangways fresh packages to add to the almost monumental pile. Sometimes gangs of men would be found drawing a truck, lightly loaded, to a neighboring pier or an adjacent store-house. At such places the "yo-he-ho" of the 'longshoremen replaced somewhat the lost excitement, hurry, and bustle.

Business men were compelled to resort to many temporary expedients for the transportation of goods. Light carts drawn by men, hand trucks, wheelbarrows, and other contrivances were seen in all the streets. What excited more curiosity than any thing else were the ox-teams brought from the country. Crowds of men and boys followed them from street to street as if they had never seen an ox. The strong and patient animals did good service, but looked strangely uncouth and out of place in our city streets. But nothing could supply the place of horses on the car routes, and great inconvenience was occasioned by the diminution of this means of travel, especially to those living in the upper part of New York and doing business down town. Little attention was paid to an eloquent appeal from Mr. BERGH to spare the miserable beasts by which the few cars kept running were slowly and painfully dragged along. The cars were crowded from front to rear dash-board, and the few persons who refrained from riding were almost without exception ladies.

Now that people have discovered how indispensable a servant the horse is, it is to be hoped this noble creature will be so well treated that there will be little occasion henceforth for Mr. BERGH'S benevolent interference on its behalf.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN view of recent great bank robberies special interest is attached to the statement which has been made that no burglarious attempt upon the Bank of England has ever succeeded. Two reasons for this immunity have been assigned: the building is a detached one, and is most securely guarded. The banks of England and Ireland have the nightly protection of a body of soldiers known as the "Bank Guard," a detachment of the "Foot Guards." The men are always on duty, in the Bank of England, for example, from dusk until seven o'clock in the morning. There is a regular guard-room; the men are dispersed over the building, but frequently visited at their posts by the sergeant of the guard. These men are changed every night, never knowing when they are to be on bank duty, so one great danger, that of collusion, is avoided. It would be a comfort to Americans if a perfectly secure receptacle for wealth could be devised. The present system of watchmen, alarms, elaborate safes and locks, has its weak spots, and every now and then collapses.

Youthful writers are often discouraged if not immediately successful in their literary attempts. While it is true that hundreds mistake their vocation, and try to earn bread and fame by their pen when they have little ability to use it, others would do well to remember that many of the best writers have been noted for perseverance and patient care in their labors. Lord Bacon rewrote one of his works twelve times before it was satisfactory to himself; Pascal's letters were subjected to many rigid revisions; and it is said that Edmund Burke had his works printed two or three times on a private press before he offered them to a publisher.

Rome is about to issue a daily newspaper in the English language, and edited by an American.

A friend recently related to us the following circumstance, which occurred in one of the up-town wards of this city: Two gentlemen went to the appointed place to be registered for voting. A German, evidently uneducated, made the written record. The usual questions were asked. One of the gentlemen replied without taking any notice of the manner in which the record was made; the attention of the other—who had stated that his name was Wilson, and his age thirty—was attracted by the pen of the writer. He began to be suspicious that all was not correct.

"How are you writing my name?" he demanded.

"I know, I know," replied the man, in German-English; "I have it all right."

"But what are those *ditto* marks for?" persisted the gentleman, as he watched the further motion of the pen.

The man declared it was "all right," but the gentleman insisted on seeing the record. He was somewhat amazed to read, "*Name*, —— Willssonn, *age* 300," followed by *ditto* marks. And glancing above those marks, he perceived the word "colored" appended to a name which had been written above the last two names. The joke was too good to be lost, and the young American still laughs with his friends over "Willssonn, *age* 300, *colored.*"

Firmness in the midst of fearful physical agony has seldom been seen to such a degree as in the case of the fireman of one of the engines of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the occasion of a recent collision. He was caught between the "foot-board" of the tender and the hot wall of the engine furnace, from which position all efforts to rescue him were unavailing. The poor fellow, suffering the most excruciating pain, begged his companions to kill him rather than let him die in that position; but finally he became calmer, and, taking from his pocket a small blank-book and pencil, wrote a farewell message to his wife, who lives in Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

The gilded gambling saloons at Ems are closed, to the great indignation of many old habitués. The royal decree forbidding further gambling was read on the 29th of September.

While the horse epidemic was at its height in Boston, in many cases carts, and even heavy trucks, were moved by man-power. The human substitutes took to the work with great good humor, and received the applause of all observers. In one street of the "Hub" the following notice was put up: "Men wanted to draw wagons. No objection to race, color, or previous condition of servitude." All over the city boys were harnessed to wheelbarrows, and trotted along like colts, doing errands in all sections.

Just before the election in Ohio a worthy deacon was called upon to pass around the hat at a large church meeting. And the deacon is a devout man, but unhappily, as it chanced, he wore a *white hat*. Over this he spread a large handkerchief, and proceeded. The first seat was filled with stanch old farmers. He knew their pocket-books were plethoric, and their hearts full of good, and he felt sure that their contributions would sink the handkerchief to the bottom of the hat. But alas! not a man contributed. He drew a sigh, and went on, but with no better success, from seat to seat, till arrested by the voice of the minister calling out, "Brother S——!"

Brother S—— turned.

"Pass the handkerchief alone, Brother S——, or go with your open hands, or take another hat, for there is nobody in this congregation that will drop one cent in the thing you are carrying now!"

The effect can be imagined. Another hat was substituted, and the congregation "shelled out" an amount which astonished all.

The homeopathic system has been found very successful in the treatment of the distemper among horses.

While immense inconvenience has resulted from the withdrawal of cars and stages from a great, busy city, one benefit has resulted to some who have deemed themselves sufferers. Thousands of our citizens ride in close, crowded cars every day when they are perfectly able to walk, and in many cases it would be a lengthening of life and an increase of health and vigor to them if they were forced to use their own locomotive power. The sick and feeble must ride; those who live at great distances from their business must do the same; but all who can should walk for the sake of the wholesome exercise.

Sweet spirits of nitre is recommended as the best remedy for ivy poisoning. The poisoned parts should be freely bathed with it.

The alarming malady which has attacked the horse has accomplished something in the way of enlarging the English vocabulary. Some of the terms used to designate it are as follows: "the epihippic disease," "the typhoid laryngite," "the equine plague," "the epizoöty," "the epizoötic evil," "the malarial incubus," "the hippopathic embarrassment," and last, but not least, "hipporhinorrhœa."

According to the official circular which has just been issued by M. Jules Simon, the French Minister of Public Instruction, the study of English or German is made obligatory on each boy in the French schools. Geography is also to be carefully taught.

A remarkable instance of mechanical ingenuity is mentioned in the *British Medical Journal*. In 1869 the hands and feet of a young woman of Dundee were all amputated, in consequence of embolic gangrene. After the operation there were constructed for her some specially devised appliances, in which the distinguishing features were that the artificial hands were automatic in action, opening and shutting their fingers at the will of the patient. This peculiar prehensility gave her the power of grasping even so small a substance as a crochet needle, and enabled her to gain a comparatively lucrative livelihood by making shawls, etc. The artificial legs were also so arranged as to enable her to stand and walk with the aid of crutches. Three years have passed since she first began the use of extraneous appliances, and she now writes an admirable hand, besides knitting, feeding and dressing herself, etc. In a communication recently made by her she writes that she can walk alone quite easily with the aid of crutches, and that no one could observe the cause of her lameness. The case is one of no common interest, owing to its being the only one on record in which the whole of the four extremities have been removed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AMONG the clever hits of the paragraphing of the period the following is quite the best: "Elias Williams, of Buffalo, Missouri, blew into the muzzle of his gun to see if it was loaded. Could Mr. Williams communicate with his friends in this world, his spirit would gently whisper, 'It was.'"

"Pa, what's the use giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves."

Charles Lamb gives some advice about making speeches which might be applied with advantage to other occasions. He says a speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience; and he tells how, being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, said "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"
"No, Sah; but I've seen 'em kill mice."

CHARGE AGAINST PLUMBERS.

BY LONG(SUFFERING)FELLOW.

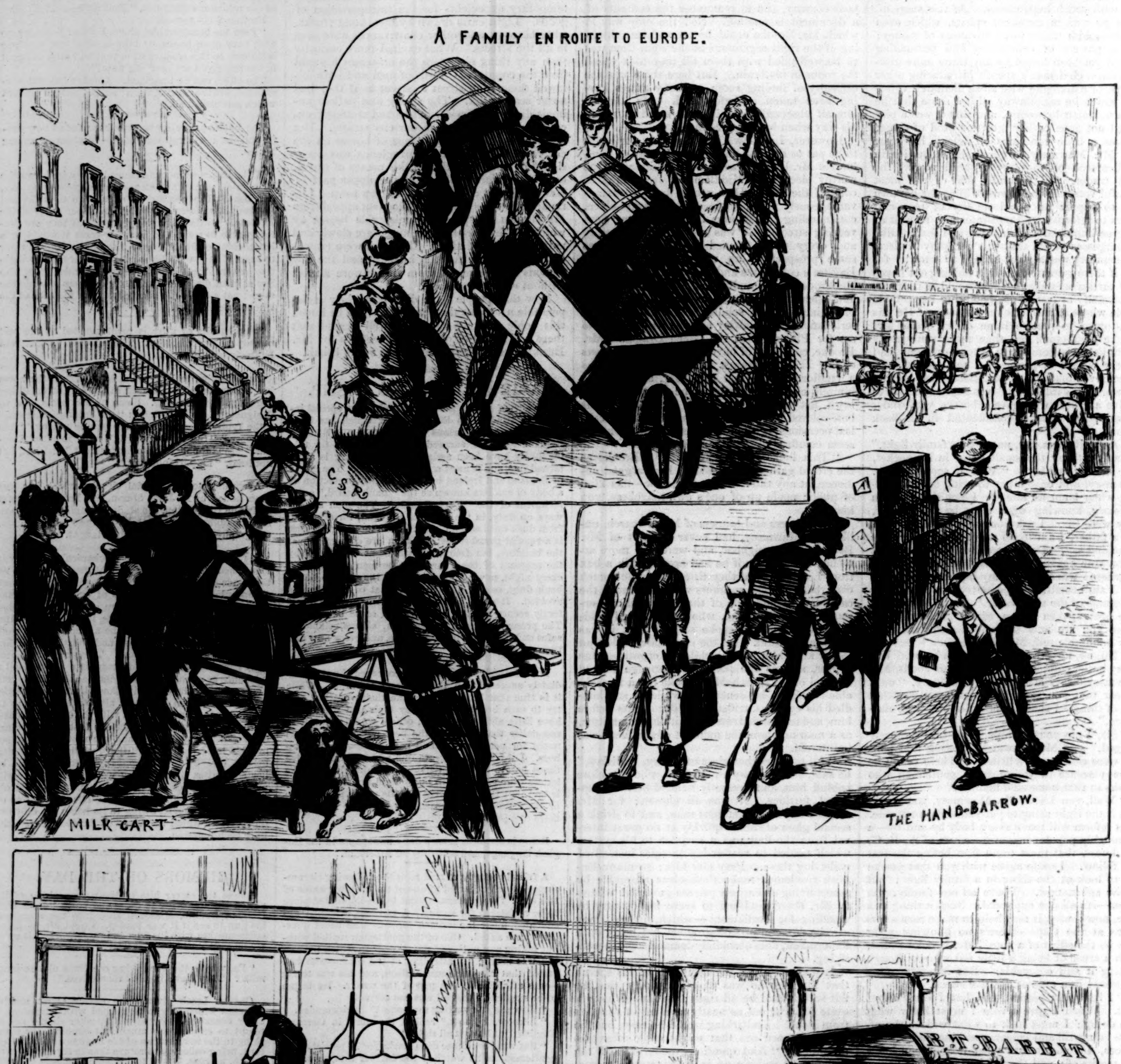
Bills of plumbers all remind us
  How they come with lies sublime,
And departing, leave behind them
  Sham-work meant to break betime:
Sham-work which of course another,
  Finding leaks in branch and main—
Some deceiving, faithless brother—
  Seeing, straightway shams again.

"STILL-LIFE"—The whisky-manufacturing business.

An English paper recently had an advertisement in its pages of a land sale in the island of Anglesey. The property was described as lying in the parishes of "Llanbeulan, Llantrisaint, Llanddauseint, Llanfairmathafarneithafpentraeth, Llanddyfian, Amlwch, Llandyfrydog, and Llaneilian."

Bill Shanks says that courtship is *bliss*, but matrimony is *blister*.

"There wis a cousin o' mine," relates a Scotch humorist, "by the name o' Jock Macphee, that wis married to a sister o' the minister o' oor parish. An' the minister, on the strength o' this, thocht himsel' in duty bound tae tak' a special charge o' my cousin Jock's morals; for, although no muckle waur than his neebors, Jock was a gay, throughither chiel when he got a drap in his head. So ae day, after Jock had been at a neebor's weddin', an' had gotten a gless ower muckle, the minister thought to lecture him aboot the drink, an' was unco hard upon puir Jock, an' misca'd him terrible, an' at last says he, 'Look at that coo there, John—look at her, honest beast; she gangs tae the water when she's dry an' slockens her thirst, an' comes back douce an' quiet tae the byre; but she never drinks mair than what does her guid, or mak's a beast o' hersel' like some fouk. An' isna it a cryin' shame tae see you, a Christian man, wi' a soul tae be saved, haen less sense an' discretion than the beasts that perish?' 'Indeed, Sir, what you say is ower true,' replied Jock, lookin' a wee foolish; 'but it's no the love o' the liquor, Sir; it's the guid company, it's the guid company, Sir, an' naething else, that leads me astray. There's my coo, humlie Bess—as your honor says, a sonsie, weel-conditioned beast—tak's her drink, an' comes hame quiet an' peaceable, withoot makin' a spectacle o' hersel'. But oh, Sir, if a neebor coo were to come tae the ither side o' the water, an' sit doon on her hunkers an' say, "Here's t'ye, Bess," od, Sir, as sure as death, she wid just sit an' drink there till she was blind fou!'"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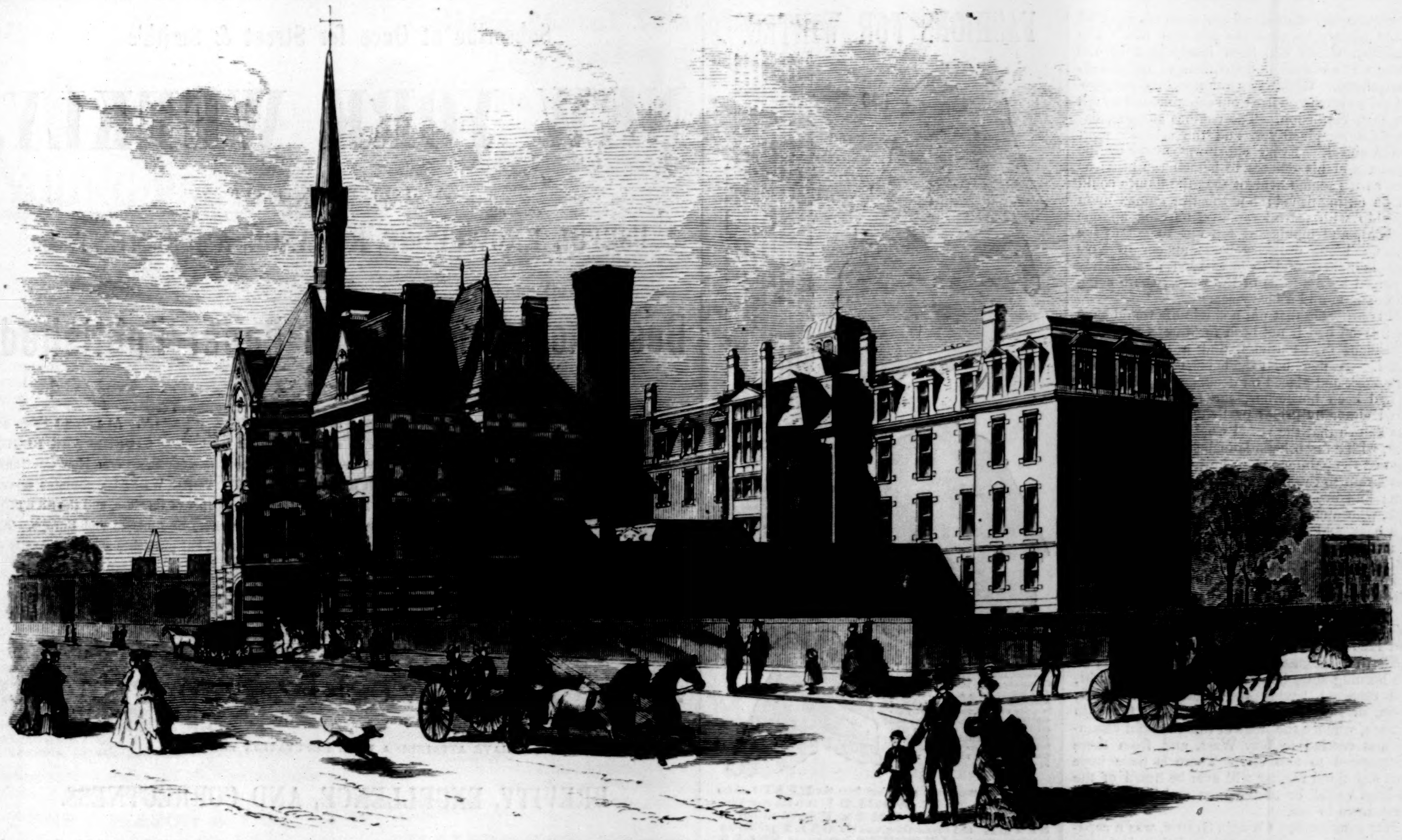
WASHINGTON
TEMPORARY EXPEDIENTS.

THE HORSE PLAGUE—SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN DURING THE EPIDEMIC.—By Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 899.]



THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, FOURTH AVENUE, BETWEEN SEVENTIETH AND SEVENTY-FIRST STREETS, NEW YORK.
[Photographed by Rockwood, New York.]

A NEW HOSPITAL.

The magnificent structure pictured on this page, known as the "Presbyterian Hospital of New York," is situated on the block bounded by Seventieth and Seventy-first streets and Madison and Fourth avenues. It consists of three pavilions, accommodating about 300 patients, an administration building, and a boiler-house. The main buildings are three stories in height, with attics and basements; and as regards the interior, the aim has been to introduce all the latest improvements in structures of this kind. Thus the walls and ceilings have received a perfectly smooth hard-sand finish, instead of the ordinary so-called hard finish. Hard woods, waxed, have been employed in trimming, thus avoiding the use of paint. All angles have been rounded off. The bases in wards, and where else required, are of porcelain. The wards are warmed by indirect radiation, the heat being supplied from the boiler-house through steam-pipes, and by open fire-places in the corners; these will assist ventilation and give the rooms a cheerful aspect. Fresh air is conducted through shafts from the top of the buildings to a fan-room in the basement, whence it is driven to the coil chambers, which supply the air to rooms above. Other flues conduct the foul air to the lofts above the attic stories, where they unite in spacious ventilating lanterns, heated by steam coils. The windows, extending from three feet above the floor to the ceiling, have double sashes, for direct ventilation, without exposing patients to currents of air.

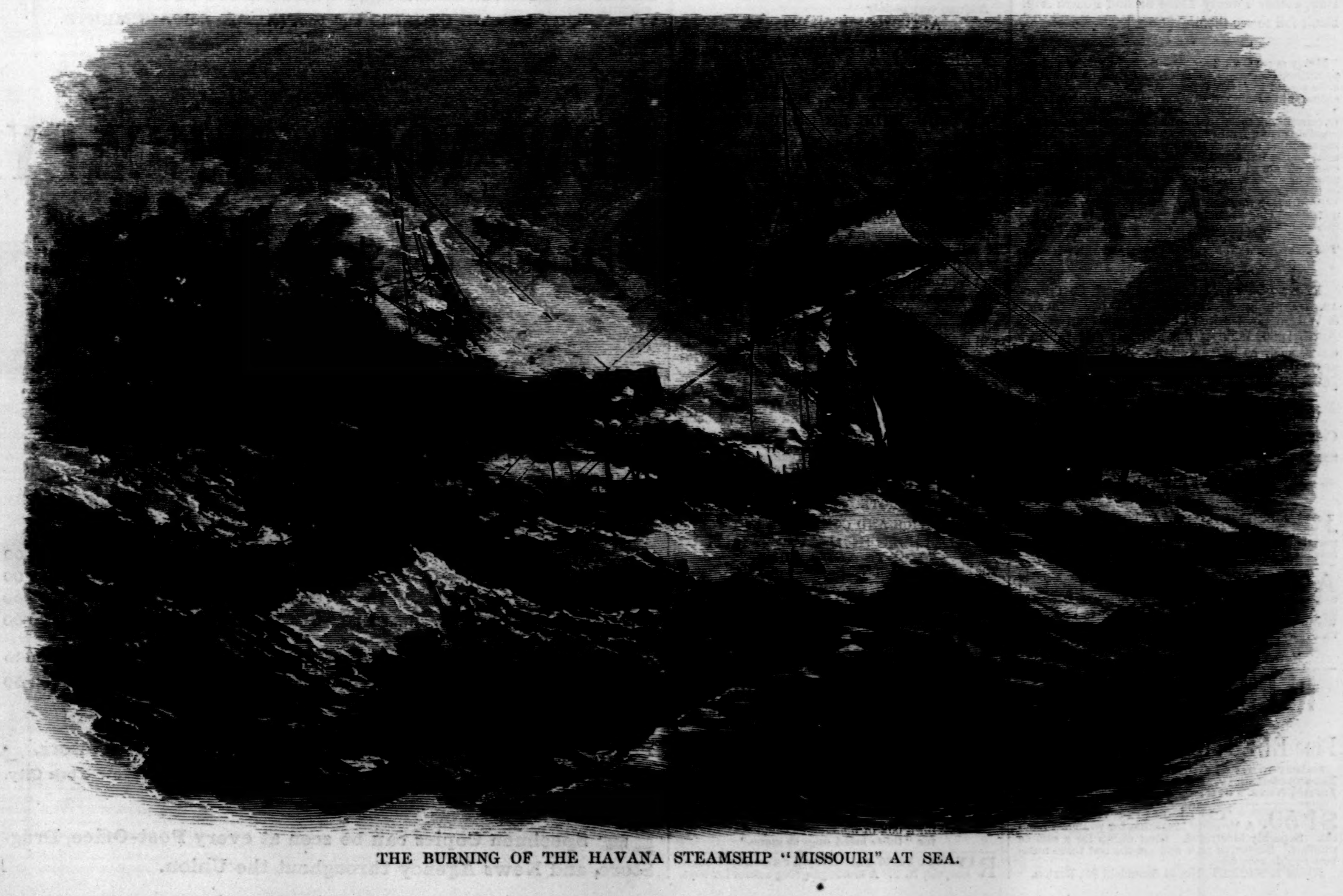
This hospital, as its name imports, is conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian denomination. It is provided in the charter that the positions of superintendent and chaplain shall be held only by Presbyterians; while the object in its establishment is stated to be to afford "medical and surgical aid and nursing to sick or disabled persons, and to provide them, while inmates of the hospital, with the ministrations of the Gospel agreeably to the doctrine and forms of the Presbyterian Church."

The hospital enjoys a very large endowment, of which half was contributed by Mr. James Lenox, of this city. The buildings were erected from the plans and under the superintendence of Mr. R. M. Hunt. They present an imposing architectural appearance.

BURNED AT SEA.

A few days since a brief telegram from Key West conveyed the startling information that the steamship *Missouri*, bound from New York to Havana, was burned at sea off the island of Abaco; and that out of a total of eighty-eight persons on board, including passengers and crew, only twelve were known to have escaped destruction. No further details have come to hand up to the time of writing, and we can give only the brief and confused narrative gathered hastily from the lips of a survivor of the dreadful catastrophe.

The fire was first discovered in the pantry about nine o'clock a.m. on the 22d of October, while the passengers were at breakfast. Wet carpets were immediately put on the fire by the



THE BURNING OF THE HAVANA STEAMSHIP "MISSOURI" AT SEA.

pantrymen and others, and the stewards reported to the passengers that the fire was out. The breakfast, which had been interrupted by the alarm, was resumed, and the fears of the passengers quieted. Within two minutes, however, several voices screamed fire from the stoke-hole. All was then confusion. The engines stopped, but the sails remained set, and the steamer went slowly ahead. Every effort was made by the captain and his officers to launch the boats as soon as it became evident that the flames could not be extinguished; but the fire gained upon the ship with fearful rapidity, burning up one life-boat, and making it too hot to get at the others. Three ordinary boats appear to have been launched, and to have been immediately swamped by the force of the waves, there being a fierce gale and a heavy sea.

It is probable that not a single life would have been saved had it not been for JAMES CULMER, a resident of Eleuthera, and a passenger on board. A new boat had been purchased in New York and placed on deck, but as the weather had been boisterous, she had not been secured either by gripes or by chocks. When it was known that the vessel would go down, CULMER, with a few others, launched this boat, holding fast the painter, when he jumped overboard and swam to the boat. Eleven others followed him; and even then, had it not been for CULMER, who was acquainted with the management of a boat, and took charge and piloted her safely through the surf, she would have been lost with the others. After lying near the burning vessel as long as there was any hope of saving life, CULMER and his associates rowed away. It was two o'clock the next day when they sighted the schooner *Spy*, were taken on board, and landed at Hopetown, on Elbow Key. On the 24th a schooner was sent in the direction of the burning ship, but returned about midnight, and reported having seen nothing of wreck, boats, or rafts. The survivors were taken to Nassau, whence the news of this dreadful calamity was carried to Key West, and from there telegraphed to this city. There is little hope that any thing further will ever be heard of the ill-fated vessel, or of the men and women who went down in her.

Her commander, Captain GREEN, was a capable seaman and a brave man. When last seen he was, with Purser WILLIAM D. HEMSTEAD, attempting to launch a boat, but it is thought they were not successful. HEMSTEAD was a thorough gentleman, liked and respected by all who knew him. Among the passengers were seven ladies and seven children, none of whom got into the boats; Colonel A. S. EVANS, California agent of the Associated Press; and Mr. CLEVELAND, of the Victoria Hotel, Nassau.

AMONG the many entertainments with which New York is supplied this winter, Mrs. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS is the most novel and amusing. They are in the highest degree satisfactory, and have created quite a furore among those who have seen them. A full exhibition, with lecture and all the mechanical appliances, will be given on Thursday evening, Nov. 14th, at Association Hall, corner Twenty-Third St. and Fourth Ave. Don't fail to see them.—[*Com.*]

MERIT IS ITS OWN SUCCESS.—Superior merits and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation have placed the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing-machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used on the Improved Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it, or the workmanship of its construction, to make the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing-machine in existence. It costs but $50, and is sold on easy payments. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. J. C. THOMAS, Bloomington, Ill., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since April, 1860, making the heaviest and thickest coats, such as beaver cloth. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

WHAT I know about curing a Cough: Case's Compound Syrup of Tar will do it.—[*Com.*]

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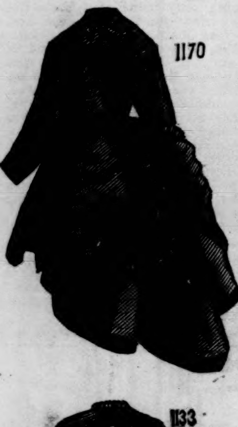
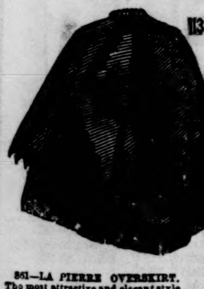
FASHIONS FOR WINTER.



1170

1170—GODIVA. This Polonaise is one of our latest Paris novelties. It contains many new and very valuable features. Without looping, it can be worn as a long, tight-fitting basquine, or looped (as shown in cut), it is a most elegant Polonaise. The ornamental back piece passes over the shoulders, and forms a neat bust-cape in front, and is "adjustable;" may be worn or not as fancy dictates, thus constituting two entirely different Polonaises in appearance. The back piece is sometimes made in velvet or satin, and richly trimmed and completes a brilliant toilet when worn with a house dress. Besides its beautiful variations, it is well adapted to any material. Take six yards of twenty-four-inch goods. Price of pattern, with cloth model, ONE DOLLAR. See GRAND PREMIUM below.



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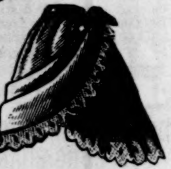
1133—DOLMA CLOAK. Needs no lengthy description to win universal favor. For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



861—LA PIERRE OVERSKIRT. The most attractive and elegant style for making, in all kinds of material. And though for a season Polonaise have reigned, yet a spirit of *change* is quite evident, and we gladly accept this beautiful novelty which will gratify the wishes of thousands who desired to see overskirts again in high favor. Takes three yards thirty-inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

The above engravings are taken from the **BEST** Fashion Magazine **IN THE WORLD!** It is the New York City Ladies' **AUTHORITY** in all matters of **STYLE** and Dressmaking, and the **ONLY** publication in this country that **IMPORTS** Fashions and **SELLS** paper patterns of them. It gives full information upon every point in Style, besides minute instructions in making all kinds of garments.

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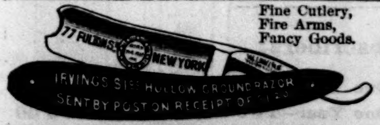
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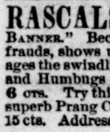

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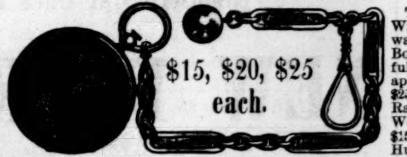
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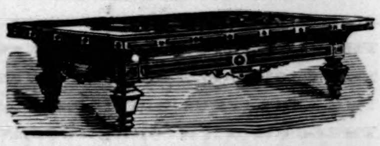

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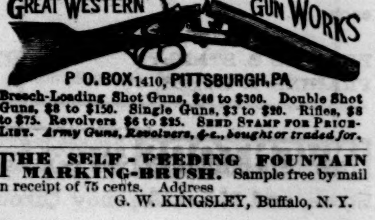
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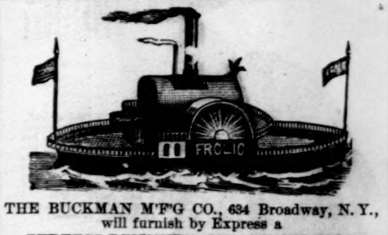

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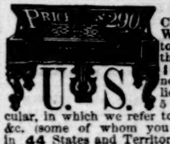

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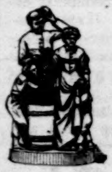

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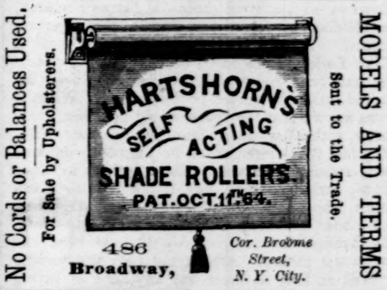
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